THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1868. | Price $2,50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 3444.

MY WILL.

BY ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

Since I have no lands or houses,
And no hoarded golden store,
What can I leave to those who love me
When they see my face no more?
Do not smile—I am not jesting,
Though my words sound gay and light;
Listen to me, dearest Alice,
I will make my will to-night.

First for Mabel, who will never
Let the dust of future years
Dim the thought of me, but keep it
Brighter still, perhaps with tears;
In whose eyes, whate'er I glance at,
Touch, or praise, will ever shine
Through a strange and sacred radiance,
By love's charter, wholly mine:
She will never lend to others
Slenderest link of thought I claim;
I will therefore to her keeping
Leave my memory and my name.

Bertha will do truer service
To her kind than I have done,
So I leave to her young spirit
The long work I have begun.
Well! the threads are tangled, broken,
And the colors do not blend;
She will bend her earnest striving
Both to finish and amend;
And when it is all completed,
Strong with care and rich with skill,
Just because my hands begun it,
She will love it better still.

Ruth shall have my dearest token;
The one link I dread to break,
The one duty that I live for,
She, when I am gone, will take.
Sacred is the trust I leave her,
Needing patience, prayer, and tears:
I have striven to fulfil it,
As she knows, for many years.
Sometimes hopeless, faint, and weary;
Still a blessing shall remain
With the task, and Ruth shall prize it
For my many hours of pain.

What must I leave *you*, my Alice?
Nothing love, to do or bear,
Nothing that can dim your blue eyes
With the slightest cloud of care.
I will leave my heart to love you,
With the tender faith of old,
Still to comfort, warm and light you,
Should your life grow dark or cold.
No one else, my child, can claim it;
Though you find old scars of pain,
They were only wounds, my darling,
There is not, I trust, one stain.

Are my gifts indeed so worthless,
Now the slender sum is told?
Well, I know not—years may bless them
With a nobler price than gold.
Am I poor? Ah, no! most wealthy;
Not in these poor gifts you take,
But in the true hearts that tell me
You will keep them for my sake.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &C.

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CHAPTER XV.

Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted;—they have torn me and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed. —*Childe Harold.*

Love had certainly improved Mr. Otis. I do not mean that he had grown handsome or graceful, but there was an ease and manliness about him that was exceedingly attractive. Through much pain and many doubts he and Anne had reached the true level of their lives. It might not be a safe precedent to follow, but in this case it had brought about admirable results. That they were really happy one could not for a moment doubt.

Now that Aylmer Channing's beguiling glamor no longer served for contrast, I found him entertaining and agreeable. He warmed curiously when Anne was present. Her love seemed to enfranchise him from any lingering awkwardness or over sensitive feeling. Neither was he deficient in fine tastes or cultivation, and I soon found that many a woman might be satisfied with such a destiny.

Walter Sutherland was still delicate, though slowly improving. His passionate thirst for art, and his ambition to be able to distinguish himself, were dangerous ailment for such a highly wrought organization. I smiled over the many efforts Mr. Otis made to turn his attention into other channels, and give the physique a chance with the restless brain, wondering how he could understand and minister so well.

After a few days consideration I wrote to Aylmer. I did not make the slightest allusion to the story I had heard, but confessed my own dissatisfaction with the engagement, and proposed that it should be relinquished, as I was quite confident that I should not find my highest happiness in its consummation. A cool, dispassionate letter that betrayed not the slightest haste or anger, far beyond my irritation at his faithlessness and duplicity, I was not at all wounded; perhaps only too glad to have the crisis come in this manner.

Still I waited in a peculiar state of mind, wondering a little in what mood he would answer.

Was the man radically false, or was it only the result of a facile temperament and utter want of conscience? For I believe in his long and closely written epistle he actually persuaded himself that he loved me, that he would suffer acutely in giving me up, but since it was *my* desire, he could not insist upon anything that was likely to render me unhappy. He spoke of the delightful past with touching pathos, the walks, the tender conversations, the hopes we had cherished, and the void that would remain to him. Yet he did not implore me to change my mind, or threaten any deed of desperate daring. Instead he breathed a hope that though love between us might be dead, friendship would still remain.

Alas, when confidence had ended with me all was over; I could meet Hugh Graham with a true and tender regard, but if this handsome face ever crossed my path I should feel tempted to spurn it with unutterable loathing.

But even this incident did not detract from the pleasure of my visit. I felt that in Mr. and Mrs. Otis I had friends for life, friends that I could count upon in any emergency.

On my return to Laurelwood I gathered together Aylmer's gifts, elegant and fanciful, like himself, jewels with quaint devices, books superb in their binding, and was making a package when Mrs. Lawrence tapped lightly at the door, and then entered. My face was dyed the deepest scarlet.

"Excuse me," and she drew back hesitatingly.

"I must tell you," I began with desperate courage. "The engagement between Mr. Channing and myself has ended."

"Sydnie!" She stood pale and trembling with astonishment.

"We have decided that it would not be for our highest happiness. I believe he understands it as well as I," and there was a touch of scorn in my voice.

"And you allowed this nonsense to ruin such brilliant prospects! Are you crazy?"

"The brilliant prospects did not tempt me at all."

"They would have tempted any other woman. What else *could* you ask? And I thought you had satisfied yourself about the love?"

"I believe it was only a passing fancy with him. I find that I was quite mistaken concerning my own regard."

"He might be a little wavering, but you of all other women could have held him true. Your beauty that never palls, your voice, your spirit and variety would have kept him captive forever if you had so willed. Of all folly this is the wildest."

I had never seen her so thoroughly roused.

"I should not want a husband whose affections it was necessary to retain by continuous effort," I said haughtily.

"With all your endowments I can foresee that your life will prove an utter failure, and all on account of these romantic follies. Was ever a woman so short sighted?"

"The fault is not entirely mine," I returned warmly. "Last summer I heard that Mr. Channing had been strongly attracted by Miss Keith, his step-mother's sister. He needed only to be brought within the circle of her influence again to have the charm completed. Knowing this, I preferred to resign him while my claim was yet undisputed."

"A false, foolish story! Miss Keith has nothing but her beauty, and that is not to be compared to yours. You have been most hasty and unwise. Is it too late to repair the mischief?"

"Too late. Even if I could yet believe him true, which I do not, I should still refuse to marry him. I learned before he left us in December that he was *not* all that I had fancied him, or even what I desired."

"You will never find what you desire."

"Perhaps not."

"And these Keiths are poor, miserable schemers. What girl of eighteen would marry a man three times her age except for his money? More than once this wily stepmother has tried to entangle Aylmer. And if you had made the slightest effort—"

"I did not consider his salvation worth any effort on my part," and I smiled disdainfully.

"So I perceive. Poor Aylmer!"

"I don't think that I *could* have helped his liking Miss Keith," I said rather indignantly, "and I was not anxious to be jilted, for it would have come to that. I consider that I have had a very fortunate escape in *any* event."

"What step do you propose next?" and there was some irony in her tone.

"I have not decided," and I smiled in spite of my irritation.

"Do you remember your age?"

"Almost twenty. Quite ancient, I must confess."

"You will not be likely to find any better chances for marriage than those you have passed by. I think you have had everything offered you. It stamps a woman's success to marry while she is still admired and sought after. If she waits, the world throws up its hands and says in a tone of relief—'Well, she's married *at last*,' as if one had tried all one's life to bring about the event."

"I don't trouble myself about the world, and certainly shall not marry for the sake of any favorable verdict it may give."

"It is not a pleasant thing to be thrust aside where you have once reigned; to find yourself superceded by younger and fairer women. I wish you could have been married without any of this nonsense."

I thought of that December night with a shiver.

"I ought never to have made the engagement," I said with some remorse. "Aylmer attracted me wonderfully at first, but I never loved him."

"How pertinaciously you keep to that theme! You will never love then, for he was acknowledged to be irresistible. And it is rather mortifying when I took such pains to convince Stuart that you *did* love him. You know he insisted that you did not understand your own desires on the subject. We can hardly blame him for enjoying his triumph."

That stung me. The mocking satirical smile flashed across my vision; the face that could torture one with a look, the voice whose tones could cut like a keen sword. Well, there was no escape.

"I really hope you will come to your senses some time," she said, sweeping out of the room.

I felt that I had seriously offended her. She had been very kind, indeed, and taken an infinite deal of trouble with my belongings. If I had married well, she would have been amply satisfied. But what if I never married at all?

I resolved, if there should be any further discomfort, that I would propose a change of abode. Then my heart gave a great gasp. To leave Laurelwood—bid it farewell for all time—could I do it?

Mr. St. John appeared to take the knowledge of the present state of affairs very coolly indeed. I despatched my package, cleared away the mental debris, and then proceeded to take a survey of my situation. Were all the years to go on like these two, appreciating no claims but those of society? Dressing, visiting, dancing and flirting. I really longed to try the world in some other guise. What *could* women do? Nothing but marry, it seemed, unless they possessed a remarkable genius, or were compelled to toil for a livelihood. Neither of these reached my case. Weariness and ennui staring me in the face, I actually envied those to whom fate had apportioned useful lives.

I took up my books with a spasmodic effort. I practised music, read French and German, and indulged in long rambles. If Mr. St. John found me thus employed, a peculiar smile would wander across his face. We had both observed a long truce, and I had a misgiving that the battle would open soon.

"How very industrious you have grown," he said, finding me on the balcony one afternoon. "What is the new aim?"

"I am not sure that I have any aim," I answered listlessly.

"You are despondent. Miss Adriance, it will never do to take a lover's defection so seriously. It is one of the chances of the service, you know."

The hot blood rushed to my face. "I am not in the slightest degree love-lorn," I answered shortly.

"A female Alexander, grieved that there are no more empires to conquer. You have grown discouraged early in the fray."

"I have no desire for such paltry triumphs," I returned haughtily.

"Paltry! A man's heart thus to be contemned. You are pitiless!"

"I have won no heart that could suffer in being cast aside."

"You do not hold your lovers in very high esteem. It is like a woman."

That roused me. "When one true lover sues to me I shall respect him at least, if I cannot return his regard."

"And all the rest is most convenient pastime—flirting."

"I have *not* flirted," I rejoined angrily.

"What do you call the episode with Mr. Channing?"

"Not *that*, at least."

"Then you *did* love him?"

There was a fierce gleam in his hard eyes, and a sudden sharp frown settled about his brow.

"I did *not* love him. I was strongly attracted, and perhaps overpersuaded by the apparent tenderness of his regard for me. I honestly tried to do my duty, and when I became convinced that I could not, asked to be released from my promise."

"And this is a woman's boasted constancy! So infatuated that she can listen to no reason, ready to throw her whole life away, and in six months' time so weary of her bond that she sues for release."

"It is possible that one can be mistaken in a person. I do not pride myself upon my penetration or infallible judgment."

"Alas, if love is held subject to idle caprices! And your mistake in Aylmer was one of wilful blindness. You were warned repeatedly."

"How was I warned?" I exclaimed, aflush with indignation. "You refused to do him even common justice. You were unreasonable, severe, and caustic. One is apt to espouse the cause of the wronged."

"You are extremely generous, Miss Adriance! Mr. Channing requited your chivalrous affection very poorly indeed. I think I did him full justice in warning you at all. If I had not considered him likely to win a woman's favor I should have held my peace and thereby saved an immense reputation for cruelty."

"A regard that is generous and tender always appeals powerfully," I said. "One can hardly be sufficiently suspicious to question it in the beginning."

"And these are the men who succeed!" he said bitterly, curling his haughty lip. "They can fawn and flatter and please a woman's fancy, while truth stands aloof, too proud to degrade itself."

"No," I returned, "what we most desire is appreciation. Occasionally we are betrayed by a semblance of it."

"If half the time and talent spent in rendering women artificial and heartless was devoted to a better purpose, there would be something to appreciate," he said savagely.

"Why do not men offer a premium on the virtues then? The women who succeed the most brilliantly in life are not the high-toned, truthful, and pure in soul. Half a dozen really noble, natural girls, who have not made dress and attractiveness their highest study, will be eclipsed in a room by one handsome, elegantly attired woman who has learned to make the most of herself in the manner society approves. Educated and accomplished men single her out and pay her marked attention. Patient wives are not infrequently neglected for her, and hearts that have been musing over happy dreams in all the sweetness of a first unshaken trust, find themselves rudely pierced by carelessness on the part of the man from whom they have a right to expect better things."

"But these are the acknowledged coquettes in society. Men do not so often seek them in marriage."

"Pardon me. Some of these women have three chances for marriage where others have scarcely one."

"Marriage being the great end and aim of existence," he said sneeringly.

"We must confess that it is. Ordinarily we do not find a single woman of forty the recipient of as many polite attentions as those who are younger. She is not held in the same esteem as if she had improved her chances for matrimony. She may have grown nobler and richer in many directions; more refined, capable of receiving higher truths and obeying the dictates of loftier virtues. The probability is that nine people out of ten will sneer a little and remark how queer she has become."

"You have been converted to a new faith, Miss Adriance. This was not the belief of your 'salad days,' as Cleopatra terms her unwisdom."

"I have had the world to study since that time."

"For heaven's sake, don't become cynical. Leave that to the sterner sex."

"Will not the armor answer equally well for both sexes? If men can intrench themselves behind it and fling out pointed arrows, indifferent as to whom they may wound, why may it not be pastime for a woman?"

For once I had met the enemy on his own ground. He bit his lip, and there was a moment's silence between us.

"You are making rapid strides," he said at length. "What do you propose to do next? I should really like to be forewarned."

"What I do cannot be of much importance," I said carelessly. "A woman's scope doesn't seem to be very extensive."

"Oh, you can write a book, you know. That's a *dernier resort* after being in love."

I would not let him rouse me to anger.

"Since you advise it I may possibly try," I returned calmly.

"No, I don't advise it. Reading German metaphysics is bad enough. But there is little danger, since you are not particularly amenable to counsel."

"No one has ever taken sufficient interest in my welfare to counsel me in any of the great emergencies of life. If a woman possesses intellect and power, why should she not use it? Must we be continually sent back to our mirrors and our dresses?"

"Inconsequent, as your sex invariably prove."

"If yours are so wise, why not instruct us?"

"Oh," he exclaimed with sudden vehemence, "if human nature was not steeped in this blind, selfish egotism! If any one dared to live a true, honest life, instead of overlaying it with detestable shams. Have not men in all ages given preference to fond, simple hearted women, who were not too proud to glory in their birthright of pure, tender, enduring affection, that no trials blanched, no time dimmed? And when they accept this for their mission, when the strength and sweetness of their souls tend to this high spiritual elevation, there will be no need of grasping feverishly at fancied tasks."

"Will it make a woman less tender to have noble aspirations or well-developed ideas of life?"

"A dream rarely realized—but then what dreams are?" and he turned abruptly away.

What dreams are? It fell mournfully on my soul like a strain of sad, dying music. Why did we live at all, if to be forever unsatisfied. Why were these wants pertaining to the pure and profound estates of mortal being given to us, if they were not to be realized in this land of their birth. Would it not be pitiful for a soul to drop out of the world, never having known that completeness it felt surely fitted for?

Something woke a new chord in my inmost being. I do not think I was born a poet; the glorious dawn with its intense beauty, the silence of the purple twilight with its mysterious charm, and the vague unrest of solitary nights when the soul seems to brood in an unearthly atmosphere, thrilled me with speechless emotion. But there were other avenues for thought. Women had trode in these paths and found them pleasant. Even if I did not succeed brilliantly, would it not be better than this tiresome round of dressing, dancing, and admiration?

Mr. St. John was a good deal surprised at the announcement of Aylmer Channing's marriage. Mrs. Lawrence had not recovered her equanimity on the subject. I foresaw that she would have hard work to forgive me. Sweet as she was, she could show her displeasure in many ways, and occasionally made me feel quite uncomfortable.

This matter was soon forgotten in one of much more importance. Mrs. Lawrence received word that a large investment in Cuba which had hitherto been very profitable, required immediate attention. Mr. Lawrence's sister had married a Spaniard; and the brothers-in-law had both been concerned in the same business. Mr. Carme was now dead, and there would be important changes made.

"I think I had better go at once," Mr. St. John proposed. "It is May now, and I can be back before the season of extreme heat. A person on the spot can manage so much better, as writing delays interminably."

Mrs. Lawrence was pleased, and the arrangements were speedily made. A brief absence to be sure, but I could not help thinking how odd Laurelwood would appear without Mr. St. John.

"What a happy time you will have," he said on the last evening of his stay, sauntering down to the window where I sat in the soft twilight of the moonless night. "For the next two months you will be quite free to follow your own devices."

"Believe that I feel exceedingly grateful for all past care;" I returned, with mock humility.

"No, you don't, either;" and his tone was strangely excited. "Think of the many times you have positively hated my interference. But for me you might have been a happy wife."

"You are cruel," I said, wounded to the quick.

"And you are a mystery to me. Did *he* never call forth any responsive affection? Doesn't the memory of some sweet phantom hope stir your heart with strange longings—for you are neither ice nor marble! There is the fire of a very volcano in your eyes, and there must have been moments when it found vent and swept all before it. Great heavens! that such an offering should have been laid at a man's feet and trampled upon!"

He was moved from his usual self-poise, and his vehemence affected me singularly. I trembled in every limb.

"I think you make some mistake in regard to Mr. Channing. He gave much and demanded little. He was engrossed with his own feelings and enjoyments, and never sought to fathom the depths of my soul. If he had, I should have known the truth sooner myself."

"And there was a place in your heart that his sweetness and beauty never touched. Some chord sacred to a master hand, that gave forth no responsive music? Yet you put on the semblance skillfully! Miss Adriance, how much truth is there in a woman?"

His mocking words and scornful manner stung me, and I replied with some passion—

"I was weary, heart-sick. You had shown yourself most ungentle; ridiculed the faith I might have had, made light of my earnest endeavors, taunted me beyond endurance! Sympathy and rest were sweet. It was my misfortune that I accepted too readily; but that being done, I endeavored to perform my duty."

"Well, why did you give up this high notion of duty?"

"Because I found that another could be as dear to him. Was it necessary to doom myself to misery for a strict point of honor?"

"But you couldn't have known this when—"

"I did," I confessed with a secret mortification. "I heard it before I had taken any positive step; but my resolve had been made long ere that."

"I knew you never loved him. I read your secret in a dozen different ways. But you can bear no advice, no counsel! You would martyr yourself for pride's sake, while love stood shivering at the door where you refused him entrance."

His masterly bearing and stern cutting tones roused me to instant defiance.

"When did *you* counsel?" I began, springing up. "You used to taunt me with being an undeveloped girl, ridicule my aims, my desires, my tenderest feelings, until I was fain to hide them from your sight. But when did you ever speak of the rocks, the quicksands, of the tortuous path where one might go forever astray? You were hard, and cold, and cruel!"

"As if anything could have made a difference with you!"

How he maddened me! I was not the strong, dominant, self-willed woman he would persist in believing me. *Could* he ever understand?

He took my hands in his, and said, in a tone so low that it sounded like a mere whisper, but was wonderfully distinct—

"How many times will a woman's conscience allow her to repeat the most sacred words and endearments of love? Will they have any meaning when you utter them again?" and he made a gesture of bitter contempt.

I felt my courage yielding. What right had he to torture me thus? My eyes filled with tears of pain and shame.

"I shall never utter them but once with truth," I said, vainly trying to steady my voice. "And that time is yet to come."

Then I would have broken away, but his grasp upon me tightened. He turned me quite around so that my face came in range of the long ray of distant lamplight; I could feel that his glance was like flame, and devoured every passing emotion. Scarlet flushes stole from brow to throat, and I trembled in every limb.

"Yet to come," he repeated in a tone that thrilled me, it had softened so exquisitely. "What surety have I that other false vows may not be breathed."

"None," I replied, impelled to the truth by his steady eye, "save that the mistakes of the past have proved so bitter that I should dread ever to renew them."

"Let the past with all its failures be forgotten;" and he drew me toward him in a tender clasp. "The present is mine to make of it what I can. We will not rush into any headlong folly, but patiently abide our fate."

Did I hear aright! Every pulse throbbed and quivered with a new and intense emotion. I felt the sweet lingering kisses of fire upon my lips, absorbing soul and sense. Oh, I knew now what it was to love, to be beloved. Nothing could ever make me prove recreant to that trust.

What more might have been uttered I know not, but there was a gentle rustle in the hall, and Mrs. Lawrence entered the drawing-room. Mr. St. John released me without any perceptible stir, bending over once and whispering—"Remember," and then both were outwardly calm.

She had thought of another item or two, and as he was to start early in the morning, explained them now. I sat by in silence, now and then catching a fiery gleam from the eyes that were lakes of luminous light. I fancied there was a strange depth in his voice, and every intonation thrilled through me. We said no more that night, or in the morning either, for though I came down to the early breakfast, we were not alone. Perhaps he might have made an opportunity, but he carried himself with regal pride. I felt his power in the very air I breathed, and was subdued by the subtle magnetism. Now and then he gave me a peculiar bright, fascinating look, that was not a smile, and yet answered for both smile and words.

"He shall see that I can deserve his trust," I mentally resolved with my farewell. And yet a chill struck to the core of my heart—how would we meet again?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Two After-Dinner Stories.

Colonel Thunderbomb, as soon as the ladies had withdrawn, was so good as to favor us with an anecdote of genteel rascality. "You remember Raleigh," said he, addressing himself to Bitter Aloes, "and how he used to win our money at the club, at pool? Well, I know you will be glad to hear that he has met with his match at last. He has got 'picked up' in a very curious way. Raleigh was accustomed to frequent one of the rooms in the Quadrant, where he said he would have always 'held his own,' (which, as you know, meant something better than *that*,) but for a certain Major Dubois, a Frenchman, who sometimes 'divided' with him, but more often took the whole pool. At billiards, however, they were as nearly equal as could be, though each secretly thought himself the superior player, and was ready to back himself for money. Whatever they bet, however, they came about quits at the end of it at all, so that a match between them grew quite monotonous, from the certainty that if Dubois won to-day, Raleigh would win on the morrow. They wanted some sort of novelty, since the excitement of gambling was thus in a manner neutralized: and at last the Frenchman proposed something. They had played against one another left-handed, with equal success, but now Dubois suggested that they should each bandage up one of their eyes. And so they went at it, like a couple of Cyclopses, for twenty pounds a side. The Frenchman won, and Raleigh would not play again, observing that the loss of an eye was the loss of at least fifteen points to him.

"Give me ten," says Dubois, "and I will play you for what you like, with my eye closed."

"Done!" said Raleigh. And he bet fifty pounds a game, and placed a plaster over one of his opponent's eyes with his own hands. The strangeness of the conditions of the wager attracted quite a crowd, and I went to see the thing played myself. But Dubois won with seeming ease, and offered to play again on the same terms, receiving five points instead of ten; which the other accepted. Raleigh lost that also, although he played quite up to his usual game.

"I can't understand it," said he to me, when he had paid his money; "but I am not such a fool as to try the thing again. That fellow can play every bit as well with one eye as with two."

It was not, however, until many months afterwards that he found out why this was so. Dining with this very Dubois's cousin—an officer of Zouaves—at "The Rag," Raleigh happened to speak of his relative's skill with his cue.

"Yes, yes," returned the Zouave simply; "Henri is excellent at the billiards; and it is the more extraordinary, because, as you are doubtless aware, he lost, when quite a boy, *all use of the left eye*."

"A clever fellow," observed Aloes, "to turn even an imperfection into an advantage."

"And a false scoundrel," remarked Housewife, with some indignation.

"The two characters are not incompatible, my good sir," returned the cynic in his philosophic manner. "Hypocrisy is sometimes commendable: we are told to affect a virtue even if we have it not."

Housewife's open countenance expressed the strongest disapprobation.

"What!" said Aloes combatively. "Perhaps you would rather a man should affect a vice, like Charley Lascelles?"

"I would rather a man seem worse than he is, than worse than he seems," observed our host decisively, "though he knew nothing about Charley Lascelles."

"Then I'll tell you," returned Aloes, with the air of a man who confers an obligation. "Charley Lascelles, an acquaintance of Thunderbomb yonder and of mine, had run through his money (it had been but a younger brother's portion) by consorting with divers kinds of bad company, and was looking out sharp last Christmas twelvemonth for the chance of laying hands on somebody else's. His pigeon-time was over, and he had himself become a sparrow-hawk. Nothing was left him in the way of capital, save an admirable wardrobe, tolerably preserved good-looks, and a profound dissimulation. His elder brother, upon whom he was likely to remain an incubus for life, was uncommonly desirous to get him well married."

"You like my brother Charley, I think," said he to Miss Piers, (daughter of old Piers the Rotherhithe millionaire, who used to be called King of the Bargees,) as they were sitting next to one another at dinner at some tremendous swell's house in the county; "at least he's always raving about *you*."

"Really, Sir William, I am astonished at you," replied she. "Mr. Charles Lascelles is nothing to me except an agreeable—but I am afraid not very respectable—acquaintance."

"You're everything to him, however, by George!" returned the baronet. "It's your coldness that has made him such a profligate. You don't know what a sentimental chap he is underneath that frivolous manner. 'I've nothing to live for,' he has often said to me, 'since Julia—your name *is* Julia, is it not?—since Julia has no hope to give me?'"

"But he never asked me for it, Sir William."

"Of course not; he's so shy. That's been the stumbling-block in poor Charley's way. The Countess of Bluemantle was dying for him when he was quite a lad: but he could never bring himself to ask her feeling so acutely that he was only a commonor,) and so she married her chaplain in despair. Come, do let me write him a letter, and say you are staying here; he will be down by the next train; I'll stake my life on that."

"No, Sir William; no. I have given him his answer. I confess I liked him very well, until—until I began to hear certain things about him. Oh, he's *so* wild!"

"It's you that have made him so, Julia—I beg your pardon, but I seem to fancy you are one of the family already. Lady Lascelles always speaks of you as Julia—it's all your cruelty. If you would give him the least encouragement he would become another man. He would sacrifice anything for your sake."

"I doubt that, Sir William. Would he give up his cards, and his club, and his little dinners at Richmond—I can't keep my ears shut to what everybody says of him—and his dreadful habit of betting, and his horrid cigars?"

"Yes, Julia, yes," interrupted the baronet, with eagerness. "Now, let this matter depend upon the very basis of self-sacrifice, if such is your pleasure. If you have heard what a victim my poor brother is to the vice of smoking—all, however, since you shook your lovely head at him (for if I'm to be your brother-in-law, I may tell the truth about your head) at the Caledonian Ball. If you ask his friends, you will hear that he never used to smoke in his early days."

"The word of an English baronet is quite sufficient for me," said Miss Piers, who is rather fond of baronets, a species very rare in the vicinity of Rotherhithe.

"Very well, Julia; then I swear to you, upon my honor, that before he knew you he did *not* smoke. If he is now never seen without a cigar in his mouth; if tobacco is meat, drink, and clothing—wife and family—everything in the world to him, all I can say is, it's your fault. I dare say it comforts him, in the absence of those home ties which cruel fate—that's *you*—have denied him. If he smokes like a steam-engine, if his very clothes are saturated with it—and I darcsay you've smelt his whiskers—"

"No, indeed, sir," answered the young lady, indignantly, "but I don't doubt that he is a victim to that horrid vice."

"Good. Now, you shall see him, for your sweet sake, emancipate himself from that moral slavery; he shall come down here to-morrow with all his cigar cases and pipes, and remaining stock of weeds, and sacrifice them all at his Julia's shrine. You shall retain the whole of them in your own possession. His friends will, of course, offer to supply him; I have got some very choice Cabanas myself, which it will cost him the severest pangs to refuse. But he *will* refuse them; yes, he will, mark my words—there's Lady Boniface nodding at your mother like a Chinese Mandarin; you are going to leave the dining-room—I have your permission, then, to send for poor dear Charley, upon the basis of self-sacrifice—"

"And upon no other," interrupted the heiress, gravely. "I will not intrust my happiness to him without being assured that he is able, for my sake, to conquer at least one of his unfortunate habits."

"He will conquer them all," said Sir William, gallantly, and be well repaid for his devotion."

"So Charley Lascelles went down by express to my Lord Boniface's, with three-and-thirty cigar cases, fifteen meerschaum pipes (some of them very curiously painted), and half a chest of the most excellent cigars, to none of which he was to put his longing lips. Indeed, they were all stowed away in Miss Pier's own room, so that they imparted quite a flavor to that highly respectable young lady, and drew upon her the scandalous imputation of indulging in cigarettes herself. But Charley never broke his resolution, although Sir William owned to Julia that his poor brother got severely rallied in the smoking-room upon his new-born austerity. He even took a solemn vow never to touch tobacco again if Julia would only become his wife, which, eventually, she consented to do."

"And did he keep his vow?" asked Colonel Thunderbomb, who is incredulous about the self-denial of young gentlemen.

"Oh yes; he kept it. Indeed, he had no temptation to break it, for the fact is, that the habit of smoking was just that particular and only vice *in which Charley Lascelles never had indulged*. The cigars and pipes had all been borrowed from his friends; and the half-chest of weeds procured direct from Benson's on Sir William's credit, who afterwards smoked them himself."

"And how did this marriage 'upon the basis of self-sacrifice' turn out?" inquired I.

"Well, it went on all right until some malicious fellow—a disappointed suitor of the heiress, I believe—disclosed to her poor Charley's little artifice; since which, things have not gone quite so smoothly."

☞ The first patent for cast-iron ploughs is said to have been granted to Robert Smith, of Bucks county, Pennsylvania in 1798.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8 Machine, price $85. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get a large Premium Steel Engraving.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

ENLARGEMENT.

Our readers will notice that we have added somewhat to the length of THE POST this week—giving them several columns more reading.

We have also some other improvements in view, designed to add to the appearance and interest of the paper.

THE INCOME TAX.

A bill in equity is now before the U. S. Circuit Court of this District, in which the constitutionality of the Income Tax is denied. The bill avers that the Act is in violation of Article 4, Section 9, of the Constitution of the United States, which says: "No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the *census* or enumeration herein before directed to be taken."

The complainant has refused to pay his tax, amounting to $544.45, his property has been levied upon, and he now asks that the collector be restrained from proceeding further.

The case is to be argued the first Monday in June. The Court no doubt will be anxious to sustain the constitutionality of the law; but cool observers are a little puzzled how it can be done, the language of the Constitution is so explicit. If the Income Tax is a "direct tax," it would seem that Congress ought to have laid it "in proportion to the census." If it is not a direct tax, it would be difficult to say what a direct tax is. It is curious how Congress could have overlooked the question now raised. It shows the importance of having Acts well discussed before passing them.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JANUARY AND JUNE. By BENJ. F. TAYLOR. Published by Oakley & Mason, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila. A volume of pleasantly written sketches.

DIKES AND DITCHES; OR, YOUNG AMERICA IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM. By OLIVER OPTIC. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila. The mere announcement of a new story by Oliver Optic will be sufficient to make the boys desire to read it.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE for June. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York.

THE GALAXY for June. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

A LOST NAME. By J. SHERIDAN LE FANU, author of "Uncle Silas," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for June. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for June. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE GREAT IMPEACHMENT AND TRIAL OF ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. Price 50 cts.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for April. Published by Leonard Scott Company, New York.

☞ MILK.—If milk be introduced into bottles, put into a pan with cold water, and gradually raised to a boiling point, and after being allowed to cool, be taken out, corked, and set away in a cool place, it may be preserved perfectly sweet for upwards of half a year. The reason is said to be that heat deprives the sugar of its power of changing into lactic acid.

☞ So far, in the history of the world, no other race but the White race, has ever succeeded in establishing and preserving a Republican form of government—and not all the branches even of the White race, seem to be able to do it. This one great fact should have more influence upon sensible men, than a cart-load of superficial abstract theories about natural rights.

☞ A man living in Cohoes, New York, last week applied oil from the bowl of a tobacco pipe to a burn on the lip of his little daughter, and the child died in convulsions twenty-four hours after.

The Will of Plants.

Newton discovered why an apple fell to the ground, but no one yet has found anything approaching to an explanation why the seed invariably sends its root downwards and its stalk upwards. All kinds of reasons have been given; the most common is that plants strive towards the sun. Experiments of the most various kinds have proved that no external causes whatever can be found to account for this inveterate tendency. Some of the experiments are very curious. Acorns and beans placed in tubes full of earth, have been turned and turned about, whirled round wheels day and night, till one would have thought they must have lost all ideas of zenith and nadir; but no, in spite of all ingenious attempts which have been made to confuse the vegetable mind it persists in sending its stalk upwards and its root downwards. One of the most conclusive experiments was made my M. Durochet: he filled with earth a vase whose bottom was pierced with holes, in the holes he placed bean seeds, so that each plant had every inducement to thrust its roots upwards to get earth, and its stalk downwards to have the light and air; but no again! it remained true to the education which every baby seed must receive on leaving its mother, and which every plant will follow or die—it thrust its roots downwards into empty air, and its stalk upwards through the dark, thick earth. The first withered, the latter was suffocated, and the infant bean plant perished as a martyr to the law of its nature; but it proved its incorruptible autonomy and invincible constancy.

Another peculiar example of autonomy and constancy in plants is shown in creeping and climbing plants, which turn in spirals round any support; they *still* obstinately persist in climbing in the direction of the first spiral turn, be it to left or right. No surprise, no system of coaxing will make the plant forget or change the direction it first began to climb with its infant shoots. What, then, is this energy, this invincible desire which exhibits itself in the tender baby milky pulp of the first spiral of the twining plant, and which overcomes any obstacle? Some plants, like the *Ampelopsis hederacea*, may be seen climbing a wall, throwing their delicate arms like feelers, dying of disappointment where, they fail to find a resting place; but where they do, clinging to the wall with little *disks* like a fly's foot, and so creeping up and up in search of heat and warmth.

Finally, we will adduce another distinct proof that the plant has a little will and way of its own, which it is not possible to make it abandon under any constraint whatever, and that is in the manner in which it holds its leaves; the general law is that the smoothest and brightest side of the leaf is uppermost, the other side, paler and marked with fibres, looks downwards, and if you attempt to reverse this order, the leaf will struggle by every artifice in its power to gain its normal decent condition, and will perish rather than submit to be exposed thus in its under raiment.

Madame Roland and her Husband.

Roland, the famous Girondist minister, a man of marked abilities and incorruptible integrity, married the gifted and high-souled Jeanne Philippon, a short time before the outbreak of the French Revolution. He was twenty-two years her senior. Her love for him, founded on his philosophic spirit and antique virtues, was so ardent and so faithful that she had often been called "the Heloise of the eighteenth century." Their principles, their souls, their hopes, their toils and sufferings, were alike and inseparable. They hailed the early efforts of the revolutionists as the dawn of a golden age for mankind. Madame Roland shared in the studies of her husband, aided him in his compositions, and served as his sole secretary during his two ministries. No intrigue of his party was unknown to her, or uninfluenced by her genius. Yet no falsehood or trickery debased, no meanness sullied her. "She was the angel of the cause she espoused, the soul of honor, and the conscience of all who embraced it."

When Robespierre overthrew the Girondists, Roland, with others of his party, saved his life by a flight to Rouen. His wife was soon sentenced to death by the infamous Fouquier Tinville. She rode to the guillotine clad in white, her glossy black hair hanging down to her girdle, and embraced her fate with divine courage and dignity. Hearing the direful news, Roland walked a few miles out of Rouen, and deliberately killed himself with his cane-sword. His body was found by the roadside, with a paper containing his last words: "Whoever thou art that findest these remains, respect them as those of a man who consecrated his life to usefulness, and who dies as he lived, honest and virtuous. Hearing of the death of my wife, I would not remain another day on this earth so stained with crime."

☞ A curious case, it is reported, is to be tried in Paris. A man who wished to commit suicide, but had not the nerve, hired another to blow out his brains for a small sum of money. It is to be tested whether this was murder.

☞ The St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald has gladdened the hearts of a number of its readers by announcing the discovery, near Noddaway, in that state, of what it calls a "Whiskey Spring," from which flows a liquid that looks, tastes and smells like whiskey, and has the same intoxicating effect.

☞ The officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad say there is not a word of truth in the statement, published editorially in the New York Tribune of the 19th, and its Chicago letter of the 18th inst., of an attempt to assassinate General Logan on his passage through York, Pa., nor was any assault made upon the train in which he was a passenger.

☞ A boarding-house keeper in Buffalo, who died a few days ago, left a handsome legacy to one of her boarders, whose only claim to her favor was that he never found fault at table. He was a very patient man, and deserved his reward.

☞ Youatt, the well-known veterinary surgeon, who has been bitten eight or ten times by rabid animals, says that crystal of the nitrate of silver rubbed into the wound will positively prevent hydrophobia in the bitten person or animal.

☞ The joke practical does not always end as harmless as in the case of Nathaniel Appleton, who found on riding up to the house of his beloved that his rival's horse was hitched at the gate. Unhitching him and giving him a very smart stroke with a rawhide, he walked in and inquired whose horse that was cantering down the street. It need not be said that he found the coast clear at once.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—Carl Shurz was appointed temporary chairman, and Gen. Hawley, of Conn., afterwards chosen President. Gen. Grant was nominated for President on the first ballot by a unanimous vote. Schuyler Colfax was nominated for Vice President on the fifth ballot by 522 votes. The platform adopted by the Convention congratulates the country on the success of the Congressional Reconstruction policy; declares that equal suffrage must be maintained in the South, while the suffrage question in the loyal states must be left to the people of those states; declares for gold payment of the public debt, with a reduction of the interest, and for the equalization of the taxes; censures the course of President Johnson, and approves his impeachment; and urges the protection of naturalized citizens, and the encouragement of immigration.

WASHINGTON.—General Grant was serenaded on the 21st. He appeared at the door of his residence, and was greeted with prolonged cheers. Representative Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who was standing at his side, addressed him in an appropriate speech.

General Grant then said:

Gentlemen—Being entirely unaccustomed to public speaking, and without any desire to cultivate that power [laughter,] it is impossible for me to find appropriate language to thank you for this demonstration. All that I can say is, that to whatever position I may be called by your will, I shall endeavor to discharge its duties with fidelity and honesty of purpose. Of my rectitude in the performance of public duties you will have to judge for yourselves by my record before you.

Colfax also made a speech, giving his thanks, and complimenting Grant.

IMPEACHMENT.—An effort is now being made to convict the President on the second article.

The Impeachment managers have summoned numerous witnesses from all parts of the country to testify in regard to the alleged bribery of Senators. Thurlow Weed, of New York, is among those summoned.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY.—Hon. Anson Burlingame and the Chinese Embassy arrived in New York. Mr. Burlingame goes to Washington in a few days.

SPIRITUALISM.—The case of Home, the spiritual medium, which has been before the English Court of Chancery for a long time past, has been decided. The Court requires Home to repay Mrs. Lion the sum of £60,000 and costs, on the ground that undue influence and hallucination induced her course of action.

ENGLAND.—The Ministry have again been beaten, on the Scotch Reform Bill. Disraeli said he must consider matters.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Reardon, member for Athlone, gave notice that he would propose to the Government the following question:—If the health of the Queen is such as to detain Her Majesty from London, why do not the Ministry advise abdication? The question was ruled out of order.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor of Austria has given assent to the law passed by the Reichsrath establishing legal equality of religious sects.

ALGERIA.—The famine and pestilence in Algeria has destroyed one hundred thousand Arabs within the last six months. The sufferings of the people are horrible. The Arabs have been reduced to such straits that they greedily eat offal and the putrefying bodies of animals that have died of the plague, which afflicts both man and beast.

HAYTI.—Hayti is, as usual, in a state of revolution. Another rebellion has broken out, and if we are to believe the Havana despatches, President Salnave himself, so recently set up by a successful revolution, has been compelled to fly from Cape Haytien, and his power will soon be at an end. If Hayti keeps on, she will soon be reduced to the level of Mexico, and, like that model republic, become a national nuisance.

A WEIGHTY QUOTATION.—When the Erie Canal was first started, the subject of investing in it was discussed in a Quaker business meeting of men. It was opposed by an influential member—no other than Elias Hicks—on the ground of its being a speculation. Among other objections, he went on to say, "When God created the world, if He wished canals, He would have made them." Thereupon a weighty Friend (one of their terms) rose up, and said, slowly, in the intoning voice in which they always speak in meeting—

"And Jacob dig-ged a well,"

and sat down.

[We doubt that the *objector* was Elias Hicks. It is much more likely that he was the "weighty Friend," with the apt quotation. Hicks was a "progressive" man.]

☞ The following story may serve to illustrate the assertion that Russians are absolutely incapable of understanding or appreciating a joke:—An Englishman was relating to a Russian friend that he had once seen on a country road, a post with this inscription: "This road leads to the town; all persons who cannot read this may apply to the blacksmith." To the great anguish of the narrator, his friend remained perfectly composed, and thanked him for his story with a studied politeness, which showed that he had not understood it in the least. But the next morning the Russian burst into his room in convulsions of laughter, exclaiming, "My friend, I do understand it now! Fool that I was not to think of it! As if the blacksmith might not be away from home!"

☞ A gentleman who, for several years, had resided in the suburbs of Boston, had succeeded in gathering quite a collection of ancient coins. About a year ago he moved into town, and, placing his treasures in a box, deposited them in a closet. Not long since he had occasion to go to his coin box, and, very much to his surprise, found it empty. Upon appealing to his wife for an explanation, he learned that she (not knowing their value) had been cultivating her taste for music by bestowing them liberally upon organ-grinders.

☞ The Sierra Nevada Mountains are crossed by the Central Pacific Railroad, one hundred miles from tide water, at an elevation of seven thousand and forty-two feet. There are in the passage fifteen tunnels, and the blasting powder alone for the rock excavations has cost $1,000,000 in gold.

☞ A native physician of Hindostan claims to have discovered an effectual remedy for leprosy. He is said to have applied the remedy to ten different cases of leprosy, and the cure is described as completely successful in them all.

Little Women.

The conventional idea of a brave, an energetic, or a supremely criminal woman is a tall, dark-haired, large-armed virago, who might pass as the younger brother of her husband, and about whom nature seemed to have hesitated before determining whether to make her a man or a woman,—a kind of debatable land, in fact, between the two sexes, and almost as much one as the other. Helen Macregor, Lady Macbeth, Catharine de Medici, Mrs. Manning, and the old-fashioned murderesses in novels, are all of the muscular, black-brigand type, with more or less of regal grace superadded, according to circumstances; and it would be thought nothing but a puerile fancy to suppose the contrary of those whose personal description is not already known. Crime, indeed, especially in art and fiction, has generally been painted in very nice proportion to the number of cubic inches embodied and the depth of color employed; though we are bound to add that the public favor runs towards muscular heroines almost as much as towards muscular murderesses, which to a certain extent redresses the overweighted balance. Our later novelists, however, have altered the whole setting of the palette. Instead of five foot ten of black and brown, they have gone in for four foot nothing of pink and yellow; instead of tumbled masses of raven hair, they have shining coils of purest gold; instead of hollow caverns whence flash unfathomable eyes eloquent of every damnable passion, they have limpid lakes of heavenly blue; and their worst sinners are in all respects fashioned as much after the outward semblance of the ideal saint as can well be managed. The original notion was a very good one, and the revolution did not come before it was wanted; but it has been a little overdone of late, and we are threatened with as great a surfeit of small-limbed, yellow-headed criminals as we have had of the man-like black. One gets weary of the most perfect model in time, if too constantly repeated; as now, when we have all begun to feel that the resources of the angel's face and demon's soul have been more heavily drawn on than is quite fair, and that, given "heavy braids of golden hair," "bewildering blue eyes," "a small, lithe frame," and special delicacy of feet and hands, we are booked for the companionship, through three volumes, of a young person to whom Messalina or Lucretia Borgia was a mere novice.

And yet there is a physiological truth in this association of energy with smallness; perhaps, also, with a certain tint of yellow hair, which, with a dash of red through it, is decidedly suggestive of nervous force. Suggestiveness, indeed, does not go very far in an argument; but the frequent connection of energy and smallness in woman is a thing which all may verify in their own circles. In daily life, who is the really formidable woman to encounter?—the black-browed, broad-shouldered giantess, with arms almost as big in the girth as a man's? or the pert, smart, trim little female, with no more biceps than a ladybird, and of just about equal strength with a sparrow? Nine times out of ten, the giantess with the heavy shoulders and broad black eyebrows is a timid, feeble-minded, good-tempered person, incapable of anything harsher than a mild remonstrance with her maid, or a gentle chastisement of her children. Nine times out of ten her husband has her in hand in the most perfect working order, so that she would swear the moon shone at midday if it were his pleasure that she should make a fool of herself in that direction. One of the most obedient and indolent of earth's daughters, she gives no trouble to any one save the trouble of rousing, exciting, and setting her going; while, as for the conception or execution of any naughty piece of self-assertion, she is as utterly incapable as if she were a child unborn, and demands nothing better than to feel the pressure of the leading-strings, and to know exactly by their strain where she is desired to go and what to do.

But the little woman is irrepressible. Too fragile to come into the fighting section of humanity, a puny creature whom one blow from a man's huge fist could annihilate, absolutely fearless, and insolent with the insolence which only those dare show who know that retribution cannot follow,—what can be done with her? She is afraid of nothing, and to be controlled by no one. Sheltered behind her weakness as behind a triple shield of brass, the angriest man dare not touch her, while she provokes him to a combat in which his hands are tied. She gets her own way in everything and everywhere. At home and abroad she is equally dominant and irrepressible, equally free from obedience and from fear. Who breaks all the public orders in sights and shows, and, in spite of King, Kaiser, or Policeman X, goes where it is expressly forbidden that she shall go? Not the large-boned, muscular woman, whatever her temperament; unless, indeed, of the exceptionally haughty type in distinctly inferior surroundings, and then she can queen it royally enough, and set everything at most lordly defiance. But in general the large-boned woman obeys the orders given, because, while near enough to man to be somewhat on a par with him, she is still undeniably his inferior. She is too strong to shelter herself behind her weakness, yet too weak to assert her strength and defy her master on equal grounds. She is like a flying-fish, not one thing wholly; and, while capable of the inconveniences of two lives, is incapable of the privileges of either. It is not she, for all her well-developed frame and formidable looks, but the little woman, who breaks the whole code of laws and defies all their defenders,—the pert, smart, pretty little woman, who laughs in your face, and goes straight ahead, if you try to turn her to the right hand or to the left, receiving your remonstrances with the most sublime indifference, as if you were talking a foreign language she could not understand. She carries everything before her, wherever she is. You may see her stepping over barriers, slipping under ropes, penetrating to the green benches with a red ticket, taking the best places on the platform over the heads of their rightful owners, settling herself among the reserved seats without an inch of pasteboard to float her. You cannot turn her out by main force.

British chivalry objects to the public laying on of hands in the case of a woman, even when most recalcitrant and disobedient; more particularly if a small and fragile-looking woman. So that, if it is only a usurpation of places specially masculine, she is allowed to retain what she has got amid the grave looks of the elders—not really displeased, though, at the flutter of her ribbons among them—and the titters and nudges of the young fellows. If the battle is between her and another woman, they are left to fight it out as they best can, with the odds laid heavily on the little one. All this time there is nothing of the tumult of contest about her. Fiery and combative as she generally is, when breaking the law in public places she is the very soul of serene daring. She shows no heat, no passion, no turbulence; she leaves these as extra weapons of defence to women who are assailable. For herself she requires no such aids. She knows her capabilities, and the line of attack that best suits her, and she knows, too, that the fewer points of contest she exposes, the more likely she is to slip into victory; the more she assumes, and the less she argues, the slighter the hold she gives her opponents. She is either perfectly good-humored or blankly innocent; she either smiles you into indulgence, or wearies you into compliance by the sheer hopelessness of making any impression on her. She may, indeed, if of the very vociferous and shrill-tongued kind, burst out into such a noisy demonstration that you are glad to escape from her, no matter what spoils you leave on her hands; just as a mastiff will slink away from a bantam hen all heckled feathers and screeching cackle, and tremendous assumption of doing something terrible if he does not look out. Any way the little woman is unconquerable; and a tiny fragment humanity at a public show, setting all rules and regulations at defiance, is only carrying out in the matter of benches the manner of life to which nature has dedicated her from the beginning.

As a rule, the little woman is brave. When the lymphatic giantess falls into a faint, or goes off into hysterics, she storms, or bustles about, or holds on like a game terrier, according to the work on hand. She will fly at any man who annoys her, and bears herself as equal to the biggest and strongest fellow of her acquaintance. In general she does it all by sheer pluck, and is not notorious for subtlety or craft. Had Delilah been a little woman, she would never have taken the trouble to shear Sampson's locks. She would have defied him with all his strength untouched on his head, and she would have overcome him too. Judith and Jael were both probably large women. The work they went about demanded a certain strength of muscle and toughness of sinew; but who can say that Jezebel was not a small, freckled, auburn-haired Lady Audley of her time, full of the consecrated fire, the electric force, the passionate recklessness of her type? Regan and Goneril might have been beautiful demons of the same pattern; we have the example of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers as to what amount of spiritual devilry can exist with the face and manner of an angel direct from Heaven; and perhaps Cordelia was a tall, dark-haired girl, with a pair of brown eyes, and a long nose sloping downwards.

Look at modern Jewesses, with their flashing, Oriental orbs, their night-black tresses, and the dusky shadows of their olive-colored complexions; as catalogued properties according to the ideal, they would be placed in the list of the natural criminals and law-breakers, while in reality they are about as meek and docile a set of women as are to be found within the four seas. Pit a fiery little Welsh woman or a petulant Parisienne against the most regal and Junonic amongst them and let them try conclusions in courage, in energy, or in audacity; the Israelitish Juno will go down before either of the small Philistines, and the fallacy of weight and color in the generation of power will be shown without the possibility of denial. Even in those old days of long ago, when human characteristics were embodied and deified, we do not find that the white-armed large-limbed Hera, though queen by right of marriage, lorded it over her sister goddesses by any superior energy of force of nature. On the contrary, she was rather a heavy-going person, and, unless moved to anger by her husband's numerous infidelities, took her Olympian life placidly enough, and once or twice got cheated in a way that did no great credit to her sagacity. A little French-woman would have sailed round her easily; and as it was, shrewish though she was in her speech when provoked, her husband not only deceived but chastised her, and reduced her to penitence and obedience as no little woman would have suffered herself to be reduced.

There is one celebrated race of women who were probably the powerfully built, large-limbed creatures they are assumed to have been, and as brave and energetic as they were strong and big,—the Norse women of the sagas, who, for good or evil, seem to have been a very influential element in the old Northern life. Prophetesses, physicians, dreamers of dreams, and the accredited interpreters as well, endowed with magic powers, admitted to a share in the councils of men, brave in war, active in peace, these fair-haired Scandinavian women were the fit comrades of their men, the fit wives and mothers of the Berserkers and the Vikings. They had no tame or easy life of it, if all we hear of them is true. To defend the farm and the homestead during their husband's absence, and to keep themselves intact against all bold rovers to whom the Tenth Commandment was an unknown law; to dazzle and bewilder by magic arts when they could not conquer by open strength; to unite craft and courage, deception and daring, loyalty and independence, demanded no small amount of opposing qualities. But the Steingerdas and Gudrunas were generally equal to any emergency of fate or fortune, and slashed their way through the history of their time more after the manner of men than of women; supplementing their downright blows by side thrusts of craftier cleverness when they had to meet power with skill, and were fain to overthrow brutality by fraud. The Norse women were certainly as largely framed as they were mentally energetic, and as crafty as either, but we know of no other women who unite the same characteristics, and are at once cunning, strong, brave, and true.

On the whole, then, the little women have the best of it. More petted than their bigger sisters, and infinitely more powerful, they have their own way in part because it really does not seem worth while to contest a point with such little creatures. There is nothing that wounds a man's self-respect in any victory they may get or claim. Where there is absolute inequality of strength, there can be no humiliation in the self-imposed defeat of the stronger; and as it is always more pleasant to have peace than war, and as big men for the most part rather like than not to put their necks under the tread of tiny feet, the little woman goes on her way triumphant to the end, breaking all the laws she does not like, and throwing down all the barriers that impede her progress, perfectly irresistible and irrepressible in all circumstances and under any conditions.

☞ If a Wisconsin farmer plants a row of trees along the road, he is exempted from working on the road. Good for Wisconsin!

DEFINITIONS.

You see her in the merry dance—
She seems to fly;
But you don't see that rapid glance
From her bright eye
Flash through the long and crowded room;
He only sees that glance, to whom
It brings extreme felicity:
That's *electricity!*

They dance *together*, full of grace,
She clings so close;
And on his shoulder rests her face—
A blushing rose!
Life in that hour seems doubly sweet,
They see it through a rosy prism;
Their hands so long and often meet:
That's *galvanism!*

The night has come to him, but still
No sleep has brought;
To *her*, though quite against his will,
Flies every thought!
In vain a struggle is with facts;
In vain is all such heroism;
Too powerfully she attracts:
That's *magnetism!*

☞ Population is getting too much for California, and all the papers say that no more people are needed or can be supported in the settled portions of the state.

☞ A man who requested a Chicago jeweler, the other day, to show him a diamond ring valued at $3,000, put it on his finger, courteously bade the jeweler good-bye, and walked rapidly out of the door, which he shut, putting a block of wood behind the handle in such a way that it was impossible to open it from the inside.

☞ Illinois imported enough lumber last year to build a three board fence twice around the world and once around herself.

☞ An English magazine has an article on some of Tennyson's late poems, entitled "What is the Laureate About?" The Advertiser thus answers the conundrum,—"About exhausted."

☞ The latest swindle is a Rochester invention. When hay is sold by the ton, a man conceals himself in the load and is weighed with it. While the load is driven to the barn of the purchaser, the man leaves his hiding-place and goes back to the haymarket to be sold over. The trick was not discovered until recently, though it is understood that it has been practised for years.

☞ When the Pacific Railroad is finished, the tour of the world can be made in two months and a half. From New York to San Francisco will take seven days; from San Francisco to Hong Kong, by way of Yokohama, twenty days; from Hong Kong by steamer to Suez, thirty-two days; from Suez to Paris, six days; from Paris to New York, ten days; in all, seventy-five days. This can only be done, however, by continuous travelling and successful connections everywhere.

☞ RATHER OVERDOING IT.—Not long since a gentleman of Fayette, Miss., had a negro arrested and brought before Daniel Ellis, Esq., on a charge of killing his hog; the evidence was almost positive, and no doubt was entertained of his conviction. But the defendant proved conclusively by negro testimony that he was at three different places at the time the hog was killed.

☞ The French Empress has been treated homœopathically for a sore throat, and homœopathy bids fair to become fashionable in France.

☞ A curious method of killing rats is recommended in a German journal as very efficient. A piece of new or unused sponge is cut into small pieces, which are smeared with butter, and placed within reach of the rats, next to a dish of water. The rats eat the sponge, and becoming thirsty, drink the water, which swells the sponge, and in a short time kills the animals, which are found lying dead all around.

☞ A NEW DANCE.—The New York Evening Mail says: "It seems that, in consequence of the unlooked-for success which has attended the introduction of the German in this city, a sense of mortified vanity aroused the great professors of the art to combine their efforts for the production of an entirely new quadrille which should completely outshine its decrepid and insolent rival. Hence the new quadrille "Celarius," which combines every dance which has been the vogue of late years; thus the polka, waltz, galop, deuxtemps, mazourka, and troistemps are all danced by turns, and the effect is so pretty that we cannot help wondering it has never been thought of before. At many of the private parties last winter it met with the greatest favor.

☞ Among the miscellaneous items of expenditure of the United States House of Representatives last year were $702 for kid gloves, and $24 for Martinique snuff.

☞ A gander at Fort Wayne, Ind., charged upon two timid young ladies, and frightened one of them into convulsions, a few days ago.

☞ Forty stone ware kettles, each about three feet in diameter, were recently found near Kingston, Tenn., at a depth of seven feet under the ground. They were found lying on a limestone rock, near an old well, eight inches in diameter, filled with salt water. Poplar and oak trees of great age were growing on the surface soil.

☞ There is a story of Cornelius O'Dowd's in Blackwood, about a husband and wife who quarrelled because the wife maintained that eternal punishment was essential to Christianity. The husband declared that he could never believe such a doctrine. His father-in-law, remembering certain spicy traits of his daughter's character, met the objection to eternal punishment by saying, "if you only go back and live with her, you'll believe in it yet; she'll convince you."

☞ In New York, one of the ferry companies has got into operation a line of cheap cabs, which will convey single passengers from the ferry to any part of New York city for thirty cents, and two passengers for twenty-three cents each. These cabs have their stand at the ferry, and are kept in constant readiness for passengers. The experiment is one which ought to succeed.

☞ Mr. Beecher lately announced that he should baptise, at a given time, in his church by immersion. He stated that if there were any in the congregation who had been sprinkled, and who desire to be immersed, he would accomodate such at the time named. If a person had been immersed, and was not satisfied, he was prepared to immerse him again. He saw no reason why baptism, the same as the Lord's Supper, should not be repeated as often as the candidate desired, or his conscience demanded. Besides his bowl for sprinkling, Mr. Beecher has a baptistery on the most approved plan, under the platform on which he stands to preach.

A Modern Cinderella.

Here is an anecdote of one of the last *bals de l'opera* in Paris. Before the principal entrance stood a group of men, chatting, laughing and criticising the masked couples as they arrived. Two black dominos, very elegantly dressed, walked up the steps, the lady limping, and saying, "Charles, do let us go back. I cannot walk. I cannot even stand." One of the observers of the scene remarked, "That's what comes of putting a big foot into a little shoe." The lady turned and looked at the speaker, called him by name, rebuked him for his impertinence, and vowed she would not return. The next day the impudent man received a package, and on opening it found a tiny slipper with a paper attached, bearing this note:—"Behold, sir, in what the big foot, which you have not seen, would have been very comfortable last evening, if a fool of a coachman had not trodden upon it, and crushed it with his brutal heel. If you can find in Paris another foot that can go up and down five flights in this slipper, I will acknowledge that my nose is a foot long, and my foot as big as a king's." Since that the gentleman has devoted all his time to finding the owner of the slipper.

☞ A scene in a Morris and Essex railroad car: Fond Wife—"Let me see your paper a moment, dear." Husband—"Yes, as soon as we get to the tunnel."

From Moore's Rural New Yorker, Rochester, New York.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—*Superior Teas.*—Some months ago we had occasion to speak of the reliability of the Great American Tea Company—mainly upon information and belief—and can now commend the Company upon knowledge derived from actual observation of their premises, mode of doing business, and the use of their teas. In April last, while in New York, we visited the stores of this Company, both wholesale and retail, and were surprised at their extent, and the large amount of business daily transacted. The Company occupy four large stores and basements, and employ 175 men in the establishment. Their receipts for the three days preceding our visit were over $50,000—as the Company's books attested—an immense business. * * * *

As to the quality of the teas furnished by the Company, we can freely say they are superior, judging from samples of the cargoes of the ships "Golden State" and "George Shotton," which we have lately received and are now using in our family. We have used no better tea for years, either at home or abroad, and think we know a good from an inferior article—especially as it is our principal beverage, neither coffee nor spirits being permitted by our constitution or physician. We therefore reiterate all we have hitherto said in behalf of the Great American Tea Company—"and more too."

COCOAINE, &c.

The ladies are delighted with "BURNETT'S COCOAINE." They describe, with no slight enthusiasm, its wonderful effects in promoting and preserving the beauty of the hair. "BURNETT'S KALLISTON" is equally admired as a cosmetic which imparts a clear, soft and beautiful hue to the skin. It is Burnett & Co. who are also the proprietors of one of the best COLOGNES in the world, and also the new perfume entitled "FLORIMEL," and of the "ORIENTAL TOOTH WASH." All these preparations deserve the high reputation which they have already attained.—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

"It Works like a Charm."

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Headache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Toothache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Neuralgia!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Cholera Morbus!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Rheumatism!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Lameness!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Skin Diseases!
Sold by Druggists, Merchants and Grocers.

WILLIAM RENNE sole Proprietor,
Pittsfield, Mass.

For sale in Philadelphia by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street. my30-3m

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those known DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

THE people have been so much imposed upon by several worthless Sarsaparillas, that we are glad to be able to recommend a preparation which can be depended on as containing the virtues of that invaluable medicine, and is worthy of the public confidence. DR. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures when anything can cure the diseases that require an alterative medicine. my30-2t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very dull. Sales 6000 bbls at $8,25@8,75 for superfine; $9@10 for extra; $10@11,50 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; $10,50@12 for Penna extra family; $11@12,75 for Ohio extra family, and $13@15 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $9,50@9,75 ₩ bbl. 200 bbls of Penna Corn Meal sold at $5,75.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light. About 20,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $2,70@2,75 for common to fair, and $2,80@2,85 for good to prime; 4000 bus of Southern white sold at $3@3,10 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—2000 bus of prime Penna sold at $2,15@2,20 ₩ bus. Corn—80,000 bus of Western mixed sold at $1,22@1,25; 25,000 bus of prime yellow at $1,26@1,28, and 2000 bus of white at $1,17@1,18 ₩ bus. Oats—40,000 bus sold at 91@92c for Western; 95@96c for Penna, and 98c@$1 ₩ bus for prime light Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet. Sales of Mess Pork at $19@20,50, and prime at $25. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $27,50@28. Beef Hams sell at $37@40 ₩ bbl. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 20@22c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 17@18c, and shoulders at 14½@15c ₩ lb. Green meats; sales of pickled Hams at 19@19½c, and salt Shoulders at 13½@14c. Lard; sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 19½@20c ₩ lb, and kegs in small lots at 20½@21c ₩ lb. Butter; sales of solid packed at 14@25c, and roll at 25@30c ₩ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 16½@17½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—The market has been dull; about 600 bales of middlings sold in lots at 30@32c for Uplands, and 31@32c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—24 hhds of first No 1 Quercitron sold at $65 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Apples; sales at 8½@9½c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches; sales of quarters at 7½@8½c, and halves at 11½@12½c ₩ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 19@22c ₩ lb. Green Apples sell at from $1@3 ₩ bbl.

IRON—Pig Iron continues dull. Sales of Anthracite at $27@28 for No 1; $25@26 for No 2; and $22@23 ₩ ton for hard.

SEEDS—We quote Cloverseed at $5@5,50 for fair to prime Pennsylvania, and $6 ₩ bus for good to prime Western. Timothy—400 bus sold at $2,25@2,70 ₩ bus, according to quality. Flaxseed sells, on arrival, at $2,85 ₩ bus.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 13@12½c for City rendered, and 11½@11½c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—Fine Wool continues dull. Small sales are reported at 52@55c for double extra; 50@51c for extra; 48@50c for fine; 47@50 for medium; 45@47c for coarse; 50@53c for tub; and 40@47c ₩ lb for pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1350 head. The prices realized from 11@11½ cts ₩ lb. 20 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 6@8 cts ₩ lb. 3500 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 14,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

B. B. B.—BADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The only known, reliable cure for Asthma. Sufferers with this terrible disease should not delay in trying these matchless remedies. They give, in a few days, perfect and permanent freedom of breathing.

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "H. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. EDWARD E. BRYSON to Miss MAGGIE E. DAWSON, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Capt. WILLIAM F. THOMAS to Miss LOTTIE JONES, daughter of Thos. Jones, Esq., both of this city.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, Mr. WILLIAM H. YOUNG to Miss MAGGIE GRAHAM, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. HENRY L. JOHNSON to Miss ELIZABETH STOFFLET, of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. W. CLARENCE CRANMER to Miss SALLIE E. WILKINS, both of this city.

On the 20th of Jan., 1868, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN G. FINN to Miss CARRIE E. PAYNE, daughter of John Payne, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 19th instant, Mr. WILLIAM WARREN, in his 32d year.

On the 19th instant, Mr. WILLIAM SPEAR, aged 45 years.

On the 19th instant, HONORA, wife of Thos. Brown, aged 21 years.

On the 18th instant, MRS. ELIZABETH I. SMITH, in her 68th year.

On the 18th instant, MRS. WILLIE A. ROBESON, in her 61st year.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM H. MILLER, in his 44th year.

On the 17th instant, ROBERT FUNSTON, in his 46th year.

On the 16th instant, CALEB W. WALKER, in his 41st year.

On the 15th instant, MARTIN GRAHAM, in his 45th year.

Presidential Campaign, 1868!

GRANT & COLFAX IN THE FIELD!

Samples of twelve different styles of elegant Grant Campaign Pins and Medals sent, post-paid, on receipt of $2. Agents are wanted everywhere to sell all kinds of Campaign Goods.

Address B. W. HITCHCOCK,
Headquarters for Campaign Goods,
my30-4t 98 Spring St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

LIFE OF GRANT.

BY A MEMBER OF HIS STAFF.

This is the only Full, Authentic and OFFICIAL History of the Life and Public Services of the GREAT CHIEFTAIN, and the only one that is endorsed by all his Leading Generals. Send for Specimen Pages and Circulars, with terms. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., 245 South 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION.—The country is being flooded with *so called* Lives of GRANT, written by Civilians and Politicians, who never saw a battle. See that the book you buy is endorsed by all the Leading Generals. ap18-3m

WANTED! AGENTS!
To sell JOHN S. C. ABBOTT'S
LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT.

This work contains a *fine steel engraving* of the Father and Mother of the General, and is otherwise very handsomely illustrated. The best selling work in the market; price suited to the times. H. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, 55 Cornhill, Boston. my30-2t

IMPROVED BARTLETT SEWING MACHINES, manufactured by GOODSPEED & WYMAN, Winchendon, Mass. *Agents wanted.* Enclose stamp and address as above. N. B.—Particular attention given to machines for shipping. my30-4t

BROKER'S SALE of Rich and Valuable Goods, comprising a great variety of *Valuable and Useful Articles*, for sale at ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE. For additional terms, and conditions of sale, send for circulars. The stock consists of every variety of DRY GOODS, SILVER-PLATED WARE, ALBUMS, CARPETINGS, BOOTS and SHOES, &c., &c. We commenced the sale of Goods on this plan in the fall of 1863. Our Goods are obtained by cash advances made on merchandise, or are purchased direct from the commission houses, manufacturers and importers. We are selling goods at less prices for retail than are sold by any jobber in New York or Boston at wholesale. By offering such inducements to the public, we have increased our sales to the amount of about one million dollars a year, as we have made sworn returns to the U. S. Assessor of over one hundred thousand a month. Every exertion on our part will be made, to give satisfaction to those who may favor us with their patronage. Address ANDREWS & CO., 104 and 106 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass. my9-4t

AGENTS WANTED.

PEOPLE in want of, and Agents who are selling all kinds of **Sewing Machines**, are requested to address me (with stamp) for greatly reduced prices and terms. J. K. PEARSONS,
my30-4t Box 4, Charlestown, Mass.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many 50 cents. MANSON LANG, 94 Columbia St., New York City. my30-6m

THE LADY JACQUELINE.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

"False and fickle, or fair and sweet,
I care not for the rest;
The lover that knelt last night at my feet
Was the bravest and the best!
They may perish all, for their power has waned,
And their glory waxed dim;
They were well enough while they lived and reigned,
But never was one like him!
And never one from the past would I bring
Of that old forgotten line—
The King is dead! long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jacqueline.

"In the old, old days, when life was glad,
And the world upon me smiled,
A pretty, dainty lover I had,
Whom I loved with the heart of a child.
When the vanished sun of yesterday
Turns back from the shadows dim,
It may bring the love he had for me,
And the love I had for him!
But since to-day has a better thing
To give, I'll ne'er repine:
The King is dead! long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jacqueline.

"Once, caught by the sheen of stars and lace,
I bowed, for a single day,
To a poor pretender, mean and base,
Unfit for place or sway:
That was the work of glamor and spell,
And the charm in a moment fled,
As the sceptre from his weak hand fell,
And the crown from his feeble head.
But homage true, at last I bring
To one of a royal line—
The King is dead! long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jacqueline.

"And yet it almost makes me weep;
Aye! weep, and cry, alas!
When I think of one who lies asleep
Down under the quiet grass;
For he loved me well, and I loved again,
And low in homage bent,
And prayed for his long and prosperous reign,
In our realm of sweet content.
But not to the dead may the living cling,
Nor kneel at an empty shrine;—
The King is dead! long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jacqueline.

"By the one I held most true and dear,
And called my lord, my own!
I was set aside in a single year,
And a new queen shares his throne.
To him who is false, and him who is wed,
Shall I give my fealty?
Nay, the dead one is not half so dead
As the false one is, to me:
My faith to the faithful now I bring,
And the faithless I resign—
The King is dead! long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jacqueline.

"Yea! all my lovers and kings that were,
Are dead and hid away;
In the past, as in a sepulchre,
Shut up till the judgment day.
False or fickle, or weak or wed,
They are all alike to me;
For the eyes no more may be misled,
That have looked on royalty!
Then bring me wine, and garlands bring,
For my King of the right divine—
The King is dead! long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jacqueline.

—*The Galaxy.*

MISS LOUISA;

Or, My Adventure in Mexico.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY FLAVIA," "LORD LYNN'S WIFE," ETC.

"Just like your luck, Phil!"

"Never knew such a fellow in my life!"

"Gets on the captain's blind side; and while the rest of us are thankful for a six hours' run ashore, and can scarcely have that for the asking, Wilmot here has leave to travel to the Rocky Mountains or the Rio Grande, or wherever his roving fancy leads him. *I* call it shocking partiality; and I only wish my governor would get up in his place in the House of Commons and give the Admiralty bigwigs a bit of his mind for allowing nepotism of that sort, to the ruin of her Majesty's service."

Thus far the junior members of the ward-room mess ran on unchecked in their half-serious, half-jocular comments on my remarkable good fortune in procuring an indulgence always dear to naval men in harbor, a long leave, when old Eagles, the grizzled first lieutenant, who always took a jest literally, interposed.

"Nonsense about blind sides and nepotism, and that! You youngsters are always grumbling and finding fault. If Captain Holmes *has* given Wilmot leave for a journey inland here in Mexico, it's much less because Phil here is a steady chap for his years, or because he's a cousin of the skipper's, than on account of his having a travelling companion that is sure to bring him back to us safe, and to keep him out of scrapes. Osborne goes with him, remember that; and Osborne is a credit to the ship."

Lieutenant Eagles was quite right. Henry Osborne, our officer of marines, would have been a credit to any ship in the British navy; and we all of us cheerfully acknowledged his superiority in half a score of attainments and accomplishments. The marine officer on board a frigate is usually a dandy, and often a sad idler; but we who sailed in H.M.S. Crusher were especially fortunate in ours. Osborne's good-nature was as conspicuous as his good sense; he was popular with all ranks, and respected by all his shipmates, from the bluff boatswain to the dry doctor, who used to hold elaborate arguments with him on the Darwinian theory. Not that dear old Henry was the least of a prig or a charlatan; far from it. He was merely a modest, manly, well-read fellow of thirty or thereabouts; an excellent officer, and as good a sportsman as he was an artist. But it was true that but for Osborne's intercession with the captain, and but for the fact that he was to be my companion in our cruise ashore, I should never have obtained permission to absent myself for several weeks from my duty on board.

As for myself, Philip Wilmot, I was simply the youngest lieutenant of the Crusher, and had not long worn the epaulette. I cannot claim for myself any great share of learning, or much acumen in antiquarian matters; but I am quite sensible of the charms of a glorious landscape, and not incapable of being impressed by the hoary grandeur of some giant ruin of bygone days; and I had gladly accepted the proposition that I should accompany Osborne in a long-projected expedition into the interior of Mexico. Our motives were, indeed, different. My friend was an enthusiast not only in scenery, but in botany and archæology, and I believe half a dozen "ologies" besides; and he had projects not merely for sketching Aztec teocallis and palaces, but also for bringing back in his tin specimen-boxes a goodly store of bright-winged butterflies and jewelled beetles, and flowers and ferns of rare growths, if not of kinds wholly unknown as yet to the naturalists of Europe.

Now I, Lieutenant Philip Wilmot, scarcely knew a Purple Emperor from a Sphinx, or a Cape heath from an Alpine gentian; and my real reason for soliciting leave to visit the very interesting country inland was that I, like most of us, was heartily sick of Vera Cruz and all that belonged to it. There, in that roadstead, in front of that half-baked-looking citadel and dreary fever-haunted town, had we been lying for months, until the very paint on the ship's sides was blistered by the fierce Mexican sun, and there really did seem to be some chance that, as the old master said, we should "ground upon our beef-bones." Thanks to our captain's care, and to the strict discipline which he enforced on crew and officers, the health of the ship's company was good; but the monotony of the life told heavily upon the tempers of some, and the spirits of nearly all. The rust of inaction was eating into our very souls as we lay at anchor, longing for the time when the furious cold wind, which the Mexicans call the *norte*, should lash the waters into foam, and make our station off Vera Cruz untenable. For then we must make sail and bear up for the Havana, or for some port in the Antilles, and cease to lie sweltering under that blazing sun, "protecting," as the official phrase goes, "the interests of British subjects" in Mexico.

The country, a prey to civil war, was then in a very disturbed state, and the road from the coast to the capital was even more dangerous and difficult to traverse than before the life-and-death struggle between the Empire and the Republic, which was then at its crisis. Capt. Holmes had been very sparing of leave to his officers, for anything, that is to say, beyond a lounge through the not-too-inviting streets of dismal Vera Cruz; and it was only his confidence in Osborne's tact and prudence, and in his knowledge of the Spanish tongue, which he spoke fluently, that induced him to permit us to take a journey through the theatre of the war. Of any immediate call to duty there was but small chance. Our presence off the coast may have been of some moral benefit to our countrymen on shore, but we were quite inactive; and it was nearly certain that we should continue to play the part of King Log until the season of storms should compel the shipping to quit the roads.

"Good-by, my boys!" said the captain, as he shook our hands at parting; "and don't get into any entanglement, either with Dons or Donas, if you can help it. Remember, life is cheap in Mexico; and I should never forgive myself if harm where to come of this."

The forecastle Jacks and Osborne's marines gave us a cheer as we stepped into the boat to be rowed ashore; and the paymaster and the surgeon, and the lieutenants, mates, and middies, all envied us our anticipated pleasant journey. As for myself, I was in the highest possible spirits; my mood might have been different had I only had the remotest idea of what lay before me.

The diligence, which affords the chief means of communication between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, was at that time unable to carry passengers so far. The capital, then holding out for Maximilian, and containing a strong garrison of imperialist troops, native and foreign, was beleaguered by a considerable army of Mexican Liberals, and the traffic between it and the provinces was virtually at an end. But the lumbering vehicle still made its slow trips, sometimes to Xalapa, in the temperate region of the Mexican highlands, and sometimes to Puebla itself. From either of these places it would be quite practicable to make our way, by the help of mules or saddle-horses, to the metropolis, always supposing that a certain passport or recommendation in writing, which Osborne had procured from an agent of the Juarist party, and by which he set much store, should be recognized by the general in command of the blockading force. But before going to Mexico, it was Osborne's plan to visit a variety of carefully-selected spots, where ancient ruins little known to fame invited the sketcher, or where pathless forests and unexplored sierras promised a rich treat to the lover of nature.

"As they say the diligence is regularly robbed twice out of every three journeys," said Osborne, laughingly, as we took our seats in the clumsy, bulbous public carriage, a queer construction of wood and leather drawn by a team of big mules, red-tasselled, hung with bells and bits of brass wherever there was room to sew some scrap of tawdry decoration to the harness, "we have no particular right to expect immunity from what is, after all, a national practice. Have you your pistol ready to hand? Here's mine. The rogues are rank cowards, and the only real danger is that they sometimes take a Parthian shot at the old coach with their carbines when some English or American travellers have beaten them off."

My revolver and cartridges were forthcoming, and in good order, as were those of my companion; and I can answer for my own feelings when I say that a skirmish with some of those Mexican mounted highwaymen who beset the road to the capital would have appeared rather in the light of an agreeable excitement than of a misfortune. It was but a fortnight since two Cornish miners and a Yankee surveyor had successfully repulsed an attack of this kind; and indeed the robbers are notoriously unwilling to run the risk of a collision with foreigners, though Mexican travellers invariably give up their purses at the first demand.

It did so happen, however, in spite of Osborne's prediction, that our progress was accomplished without molestation. Once or twice, indeed, a well-mounted horseman, in the picturesque garb of Spanish America, with floating scarf and flowing poncho, galloped swiftly past us, his sabre and long-rowelled spurs jingling in unison, and his gun slung brigand-fashion across his shoulders. But nothing came of these encounters, and we went pacificially on, without any hindrance other than those which were due to steep hills, rough roads, and feeble teams of ill-fed mules and horses, which not even the heavy strokes of the ox-hide whip could urge into a livelier pace than their normal crawl. We journeyed slowly, and found but poor accommodation at the halting-places on our way; but we met with no adventure worthy of the name.

There was only one of our fellow-travellers in whom it was easy to take an interest, and this was a young American lady, quite a girl, and excessively pretty, with that delicate complexion and that fine golden hair for which these Transatlantic beauties have earned a high renown at every court in Europe. She was travelling under the care of her *gouvernante*, an elderly mulatto-woman, splendid in grass-green silk, and whose woolly head was decorated by a gay yellow turban and a pair of enormous earrings. Miss Louisa, however, (the colored attendant always addressed her as "Miss Louisa," although, with the exception of these two English words, her conversation with her young mistress was wholly conducted in the Spanish tongue, or rather in some barbarous dialect of Corrupted Castillian mixed with negroisms and Indian words,) was bewitchingly well-dressed, and of singularly pleasing manners. There was a peculiar charm in her address, at once so frank and so modest—a something equally remote from self-sufficient pertness and from awkward bashfulness. And such was not only my opinion, but that of Osborne, who had seen more of the world and of fashionable life than I had done.

Of course we held much conversation together. Mexico is not a country in which, especially on a journey, the cold formality of European etiquette is regarded as essential; and the mere fact of a community in dangers and hardships establishes a bond of union between travellers who in England or France would take their seats silently opposite to one another in a first-class carriage, and never dream of exchanging a syllable during the smooth and easy transit behind the panting steam-horse. It was not long, therefore, before our beautiful acquaintance was tolerably familiar with the names and the more striking peculiarities of all the officers of the Crusher, as well as with the stations on which we had been employed since the frigate had been put into commission, and the most memorable events of our cruise in search of slavers off the Brazilian coast. Miss Louisa, to give her the name by which her mulatto duenna addressed her, and by which alone we knew her, was less explicit with respect to her own antecedents; but we gathered from what she said, that though a native of the United States, she had been from childhood accustomed to the tropics, and had indeed been brought up to speak Spanish quite as readily as her own language. She described one or two "haciendas" where she had dwelt in her infancy, and lovely spots they must have been; with glorious flowers, such as we at home only see in a hot-house, blooming in rich profusion around the pretty house, with its white walls and deep, cool verandas; fireflies sparkling by night among the thickets of glistening shrubs, the slender stems and drooping leaves of the palmettos rising like so many columns of a ruined temple from the emerald lawn; humming-birds, in all the magnificence of their gemmed plumage, darting from blossom to blossom, and perhaps the plash of the blue sea below the rocky cliff mingling its low sound with the tinkling music of the fountain above.

The mulatto serving-woman—one of those dusky Goodies, half-housekeeper, half-nurse, who are common in New Spain, and whose affection for their masters' children is proverbial—said very little, and was, indeed, except at meal-times, for the most part asleep; while the only other occupant of our compartment of the diligence was a wretched little monkey of a man, a storekeeper from Vera Cruz, who was going to Xalapa to squeeze payment out of some customers, and who saw a thief in every bush, and was perpetually mistaking the wild-looking peons who passed us in the forest, armed with the cutlasses with which they clear away the brushwood and matted vines from their path when seeking for vanilla, cochineal, and other woodland products, for bloodthirsty robbers about to bid us stand and deliver.

Our fair friend told us that she was going to Puebla, near which town, as I gleaned from some chance expression of hers, she had relatives settled. She seemed to know Mexico and its ways very well, but I could not induce her to take the slightest apparent interest in Mexican politics, or in the probable results of the sanguinary and exhausting struggle then being waged between the Emperor and the liberals. For those things she seemed to care little or not at all; while, on the other hand, she was willing to talk and listen respecting my favorite pursuits, the books I had read, my sisters at home in England, my hopes and aspirations, and such glimpses of the world as fall to the lot of a young sailor.

"As for this miserable Mexican civil war," she said once, with a smile, in answer to some remark of mine, "I detest the very name of it. As an American girl, I suppose I ought to give my sympathies to the Republican side; but I am not wise enough to form an opinion as to which is the best government for the country. Poor, dear, pretty Mexico! what a pity that both sides cannot agree to live in peace and enjoy all the good things around them, without murdering one another in the midst of what, but for men and their quarrels, might be a perfect Eden." And indeed we passed, in our gradual progress from the hot sickly strip of low-lying country near the coast, first to the temperate region of hill and forest, and then to the high table-lands, the bold sierras, and fertile valleys of Anahuac, by many and many a spot that looked lovely enough to be accounted as a fragment of some earthly paradise.

We were very fortunate, both with respect to the regular thieves who levy blackmail upon the highway, and to the perhaps more dangerous bands of half-disciplined soldiery by which the disturbed districts were infested. Thrice we encountered bodies of armed men hurrying to join the levies of Juarez, and once we fell in with a mounted troop of guerilleros belonging to the imperial faction. But after the officer in command had asked a question or two, we were invariably suffered to pass on without being subjected to loss or annoyance, and we finally arrived in Puebla unharmed. In Puebla—where Osborne and I took up our quarters in a fonda, or inn, built almost on the pattern of the Oriental caravanseries, and the walls of which, built of sun-dried bricks, still showed the dints of the French cannon-balls that had hailed upon the town during the famous siege—we were to part with our beautiful travelling companion.

Our own design—Osborne's and mine—was to visit the ruined Aztec city of Chaztoltepec, which lies between Puebla and Cholula, and which was reported to contain relics of antiquity as interesting and as worthy of attention as those of the better-known Tehauntepec. But Miss Louisa and her dark-skinned attendant were to repair forthwith to some country house situated a few miles from Puebla, and of course it was extremely unlikely that we should ever meet again. I have drawn very near to the brink of a confession here, and I may as well own the truth at once. I was falling desperately in love with Miss Louisa, with this lovely American girl whose very surname was unknown to me, but whose every glance and utterance possessed a witchery that would have stolen away the hearts of nine junior lieutenants out of ten in her Majesty's naval service. As for Osborne, who was engaged to be married to some cousin of his in Yorkshire, he was steeled against the fascinations of this enchantress; but I possessed no such talisman, and I scarcely care to own what a heartache it cost me when this short and sudden intimacy between our beautiful fellow-traveller and ourselves was perforce brought to an end.

That the charming American in any degree reciprocated this sentiment was more than even the natural hopefulness of sanguine youth could induce me to believe. Yet there were times when I doubted whether, had our intercourse been less abruptly cut short, she might not have learned to like me. She certainly, in her artless ways, evinced the pleasure which my society afforded her, and even appeared (which I took as no slight compliment to my personal merits) to prefer my conversation to that of Henry Osborne. There was no love-making, be it understood, nothing deserving to be classed as a flirtation; but we two young persons seemed to be sincerely pleased with one another, and our talk, alternately grave and gay, ranged over almost all topics congenial to our years, and evinced a great similarity of taste between us, save only on the subject of Mexican politics.

"I know nothing about them," Miss Louisa would say, pursing-up her red lips and shaking her little head with immense solemnity. "I don't know anything; and, if I were not afraid of seeming selfish, I should add that I don't care anything, about their battles and big words. Why can't they live and let live, and be good and happy? Heigho! I wish I were back at dear old San Isidore, where the very cura of the parish could not have interpreted the meaning of that dreadful thing with the eagles stamped upon it, there!" And as she spoke she pointed to a printed paper, emblazoned with the arms of the Mexican Republic, and which figured conspicuously among the play-bills, the puffs of the vendors of patent medicines, and the announcements of sales of European goods, that were pasted to a brown wall of sun-baked *adobe* bricks, in the outskirts of the city of Puebla. It is easier to read Spanish, when one has a smattering of the language, than to understand it when spoken; and ever so imperfect a scholar of the tongue could make out that the paper was a *pronunciamento*, or *banda*, threatening death by military execution against any one conveying contraband of war or intelligence to the army of Maximilian. I read enough to be sure of the purport of the proclamation, little dreaming that I myself could ever come to have an all-engrossing concern in the matter.

Osborne and I had installed ourselves in the best apartments which our ingenuity could obtain from mine host of the Fonda de los Cuatros Naciones, and my shipmate, as the better linguist, had taken on himself to explore the great ghostly kitchen, and persuade the flat-capped cooks to give us for our supper something less strictly Spanish than the inevitable olla and puchero, when a black waiter came, rolling his goggle-eyes with an air of infinite mystery and importance, to beckon me from the room.

"Senorita want massa," said the black, who was a runaway slave from Cuba, in his broken English. "Wait in carrossa, down dar, in Calle de San Dominic. Me come fetch."

I easily guessed that the senorita spoken of could be no other than Miss Louisa, and I hurried downstairs to obey her summons.

True enough. In the street stood a carriage,—a queer old ark on wheels, dating, it might be supposed, from the reign of Charles V.,—and from the window of this vehicle looked out the lovely young face of our late travelling companion.

"Oh, Mr. Wilmot, how kind of you to come directly!" she said, with a blush. "I am going to the Villa de las Noches, immediately, since I have seen my uncle's agent here in town, and have ascertained that the family are at the country house, where they generally spend the hot season. We shall not therefore meet again for some time—if ever," she added with a sigh, and a glance that thrilled my nerves, and sent the blood coursing fast through my veins; "but—but I have mustered courage at last to ask you a favor that I have not had the courage to mention all through our journey from the coast—a very pleasant journey to *me*, at least," she added softly, and with a sort of tender, pensive regret that would have made a fool of an older and a wiser man than Philip Wilmot.

How was I to know that I was the sport of a cruel coquette; that all this apparent artlessness was a mask; that a hard, deliberate purpose lurked, like a snake among the flowers of some tropical wilderness, behind all this fair semblance of girlish timidity? All I knew was that my heart was beating wildly, and that my cheeks were burning. Nothing but the presence of the stout old mulatto housekeeper, in her grass-green silk and flaring turban, restrained the passionate declaration of attachment that rose to my lips; but I have no doubt that my eyes were more eloquent, for she shrank back with a charming coyness that made her prettier than ever, and the eyelids drooped over her lovely eyes like the petals of a closing flower.

"Won't you do me this little service, then, Mr. Wilmot?" she said shyly.

What I answered to the above question I do not recollect. I only know that I stammered out something very incoherent and absurd about going through fire and water to obey her lightest command; but she seemed to know what was going on in my heart a great deal better than I myself did, for in the next minute she was speaking earnestly on the subject of her request.

It was my intention, was it not, to visit the city of Mexico? Well, then, on my way, my direct way, but within the lines of the besieging army, lay the hamlet of Itzlitechtuan, once a flourishing town, and where the remains of a summer palace of Montezuma were yet to be seen. Close to this was a country house called the Quinta Negra; and at this place dwelt the aged relative to whom my fair acquaintance desired to send by my hands a small, a very small parcel.

"It will not incommode you much," she said, beseechingly, producing a tiny wooden case, which she opened, revealing what was inside. This was a really splendid snuff-box—a gold box, richly enamelled in blue, and set with small brilliants. "This is grandpapa's pet snuff-box, and he values it as the apple of his eye," said the little beauty; "he has never been so long separated from it before, and I know how his eyes will sparkle when he sees it again. You have heard me speak of grandpapa? No? how odd! His name is Dr. Anderson; and he is old, very old now, dear man! But he is a delightful talker, and so clever. He is famous among the scientific men of the day, and belongs to all sorts of learned societies; but he was a great courtier once, and United States minister at Vienna, Paris, and Madrid. He was an immense favorite with King Louis XVIII., who gave him this box, and he prizes it very much; for he and the King were great friends, and used to argue over their rival translations of Horace, and to try which could recite most Latin verses. I wish you would take charge of this, and give it safely to grandpapa."

A wonderful man he must have been, this grandfather of Miss Louisa's. He was not only a diplomatist, a courtier, and a scholar, but as a naturalist he was highly distinguished. His collection of medals and coins was reputed the best in the New World; and his archæological discoveries, and the book he was writing about them, would immortalize the name of Anderson, which I began to feel much ashamed not to have heard of. The good doctor was at Quinta Negra at present, on account of the prosecution of his researches into Mexican antiquities; and as the distracted condition of the country made it unsafe for a lady to travel so near the actual scene of hostilities, his devoted grand-daughter could not rejoin him. But if I would convey the snuff-box, the royal gift, to its rightful owner, with Louisa's love, the darling old gentleman would be so pleased; and she, my fair friend, O how should she thank me sufficiently for my great, great kindness!

As a matter of course I accepted the trust, and undertook the commission. I was very glad to be of use, and only wished that the service to be rendered had been of a more romantic character. After all, to carry a valuable snuff-box to an old gentleman was a light task that the most selfish of mortals would scarcely have scrupled to accept. And when Miss Louisa lifted the golden lid, and showed me some highly-scented and dark-colored snuff below, laughingly asking whether I could resist temptation, and restore the precious powder to its proprietor without myself taking toll of it on the journey, I laughed too, and was glad that the fair girl had asked this trifling favor of me and not of Osborne. We parted; and I thought that Miss Louisa's hand returned the fervent pressure of mine with a timid, yet lingering pressure, while her voice trembled as she said sadly, "Good-bye, and thanks, dear Mr. Wilmot; and I *hope* we shall meet again."

Why I did not show the box, or relate the incidents of the interview just described, to Henry Osborne, is more than I can easily explain. Perhaps I was afraid to encounter his good-natured raillery; or it may be that I did not know the state of my own feelings with sufficient accuracy to make me willing to lay them bare to another; but at any rate I kept my own counsel. We did but remain a day or two in Puebla, and soon started for the ruins which Osborne so longed to sketch and to explore. It was not long, however, before I found Chaztoltepec pall upon me very much indeed. I could respect, but not share, the rapturous enthusiasm with which my comrade devoted himself to the delineation of crumbling walls, and to excavations that, slight as they were, brought to light a quantity of Aztec pottery, spear-heads, and bone or shell ornaments; and at the end of a few days I announced my intention of travelling on as far at any rate as the posts of the republican army blockading Mexico, where I should be sure to come in for plenty of stir and excitement, and where I might have a chance of witnessing the active operations of the siege.

"Well, well," said Osborne kindly, after one or two efforts to dissuade me from my project, "a wilful man must have his way; and I've no right, Phil, to expect you to be crazy about a parcel of old stones and potsherds, like myself. Go, then, since you will go, but be careful; and I'll join you as soon as I can."

No public carriage at that time continued to run between Puebla and the capital; but I easily came to terms with the captain of a company of carriers bound for Mexico, and who proved ready and willing to provide me with a saddle-mule, and to act as my guard, guide and commissariat during the journey. Indeed, these hardy brethren of the road—an institution of New as of Old Spain—furnish what is often the only available means of locomotion to the traveller among the shark-toothed sierras and tangled chapparal of Mexico, and I was glad to be able to take my place in their caravan. They numbered five-and-forty well-armed men, all stout fellows, of resolute demeanor; and their united force was sufficient to repel any assault on the part of mere thieves, while their written protections from both republican and imperialist generals would secure them against military aggression. If refused permission, as was probable, to enter Mexico city with their goods, the caravan could shape its course for the north, for Durango and Chihuahua, where increased prices would repay the toil of the expedition.

Again my journey through a country swarming with light-fingered and heavy-handed gentry of all sorts, from the disbanded soldier to the professional robber of the roads, was unattended by any adventure. There were hardships, of course, but no exciting incidents; and indeed the only event worth mentioning was that once we came upon an Indian boy sitting beside a dead horse, around which the vultures were already gathering, and weeping piteously, as he sat with the bridle across his knees, and the old-fashioned Moorish-looking saddle, with its broad brass stirrups and a lasso fastened to the pommel, beside him. I thought of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, and the dead ass by the roadside; but this was no case of sentiment, but of sheer physical pain. The lad, as we found out by questioning him, was a farm-servant at Itzlitechtuan, the very village whither I was going; and he had been despatched on horseback to Puebla to carry his master's rent to the owner of the estate, a rico, or wealthy landlord, of that town. But in taking a short cut through the brushwood, the horse, bitten by a rattlesnake that had been disturbed in its lair among the tall grass near the road, had reared and fallen back, bruising the young rider severely, and presently died in considerable suffering. This had occurred on the lad's return homewards, and after he had parted with the ranchero's bag of dollars in exchange for a receipt; but it was no joke for the poor boy to find himself far from home, and with only a few small coins in his pocket, unhorsed, and reduced to the

necessity of limping on to the Quinta as well as a sprained ankle would permit.

Mexicans are not the most tender-hearted variety of the great human family; and the capitan of the carriers, when his curiosity was satisfied, gave himself but little concern as to the aching bones or friendless position of a mere Indian peon, and would have left him behind had I not interceded in his behalf. A gratuity of four piastres, however, procured for the poor fellow the use of one of the spare mules, to the back of which the saddle of the dead horse was transferred, and permission to accompany our march and to share our spare diet of dried beef, maize-pofridge, and stewed beans, flavored with red-pepper and coarse oil. Martin—that was the name of the Indian lad—was extravagant in his expressions of gratitude for this trifling kindness on my part; and indeed the *Indios mansos*, or domesticated aborigines of Mexico, deserve their reputation for being a gentle tractable race, affectionate and reverential, and even industrious, when compared with the white inhabitants of Anahuac. I thought little of poor Martin and his exuberant thankfulness at the time; but it was not long before I had good reason to bless the day when we found the young peon sitting forlorn beside the stony road, with the carcass of the dead horse lying near.

We reached Italitechtuan in safety, and there I parted with the carriers, who went on to the head-quarters of General Porfirio Diaz, the commander of the besieging army, to solicit a pass for Mexico. Martin, the young peon, readily volunteered to guide me to the Quinta Negra, within a very short distance of which his master's farm was situated. I found the house by no means cheerful of aspect. It had been the country residence of some wealthy government official in the days of the old Spanish domination, and deserved to be styled a palace, but it was mouldering to ruin: the walls were cracked, the flat roof broken and gone in many places; while the garden, and the once stately terraces, with their broken marbles, discolored frescoes, and choked fountains, as well as the tangled and wild overgrowth of what had been a shrubbery and was now a jungle, told the same melancholy tale of neglect and decay.

A lean, wiry serving man, whose bronzed cheek was seamed by something suspiciously like the scar of a sabre-cut, came in answer to my reiterated knocking; and was with some difficulty prevailed upon to open the barred door, bound with iron, and so strong that I doubt if anything short of artillery could have forced an entry, and to usher me across broken floors and amid the tottering parti-walls of dilapidated saloons that were now the haunt of bats and lizards, to the only habitable part of the house, and into the presence of his master.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Wilmot," said the doctor, a fine-looking old man, with silver-gray hair floating in loose thin locks over the high collar of his brown coat, and wearing a white cravat, blue spectacles, and a waistcoat of black satin. His broad-brimmed hat lay beside him on the table, surrounded by a miscellaneous collection of incongruous objects: dried herbs, vials containing snakes, Aztec weapons, and pottery, a new and handsome microscope, a pair of holsters with their bear-skin covering, and a bowie-knife peeping from beneath a mass of writing-materials. "I am very glad to see an Englishman always. Blood, as the Scottish proverb says, is thicker than water; and all Anglo-Saxons feel in some measure as brothers in this strange part of the world where I have spent so much of my life; and not, as I hope," this with a glance at the miscellany that strewed the table, "unprofitably."

I had been prepared to like Miss Louisa's grandfather, but I own that I should have been prepossessed in Dr. Anderson's favor, even had he not been so nearly related to my beautiful travelling companion. He was, as I have said, a fine-looking old gentleman, a good deal bowed by age, but still in the full vigor of his intellect, and with a flow of conversation that never failed him. He made no parade of learning, nor did he affect, as some persons of his years and ability are prone to do, to disparage youth. He treated me as his equal; frankly, but with a sort of antique courtesy that became him well.

"You will dine with me, Lieutenant Wilmot, I hope? I cannot offer you very luxurious fare; but there are some flasks of old wine yet in the cellar, and I will tell Pedro to hasten the repast. A friend of—yes, of Miss Louisa's—is doubly welcome here."

The doctor went on to ask if I had bespoken lodgings in the village.

"For, if you are not better provided," he said, kindly, "I should esteem it an honor if you would take up your quarters with me. Bachelors of your age, and, I may add, gentlemen of your gallant and adventurous profession, are seldom over-particular about their accommodation in out-of-the-way places; and Pedro can give you a room that will at least be cleaner and more tranquil than those of the inn yonder, swarming as it is with soldiers and officers of the Liberal faction. Indeed, I question if you could be received there at all; whereas in this old ruin there is a chamber much at your service."

I thanked the good old gentleman warmly for his hospitality, and accepted the offer willingly enough. Indeed, it was a timely one, for I had noticed, during my short stay in the village, that the place was full of troops: a regiment of the line, a battalion of Cacadores, and a squadron of wild-eyed, brigand-looking cavalry from the north, being quartered there. Even from the terrace of the Quinta Negra, I could see the white tents, while many of the military, unprovided with camp-equipage, bivouacked around fires in the open air; and groups of officers, in more or less irregular uniforms, smoked their paper-cigars at the door of the solitary inn.

"Here is your room, Senor," said Pedro curtly, inducting me and my scanty baggage into a great dark dismantled apartment, very sparingly furnished, and with walls from which the panelling of dark wood was peeling away, while the ceiling threatened to fall bodily on the head of an intruder. There was, however, a little iron camp-bed, with blankets and a buffalo-robe flung across it; and I thankfully took possession of this desolate chamber, which, after all, was better than anything I had seen since leaving Puebla. I made some alteration in my attire, in compliment to my host; and I had scarcely finished dressing when the bronzed serving-man knocked at the door to announce that dinner was ready. It was not a very luxurious repast that awaited us, consisting chiefly of eggs, lean bacon, maize-bread, and green corn stewed with red-pepper pods and various Mexican vegetables; but hunger is a priceless sauce, and I enjoyed the meal excessively. The wine—a Mexican growth—was excellent; and Dr. Anderson proved, as his grand-daughter had predicted, a most agreeable host, with an immense flow of conversation, and manners of infinite urbanity. There was only one subject on which he abstained from talking, and that was the perilous topic of politics.

"I am an American citizen, and have a natural sympathy with republican forms of government," said the doctor with a smile; "and yet, as an old diplomatist, I have acquired some liking for courts and royalties. I wish well, then, to all mankind, and steer clear of their quarrels as best I may. My own quiet studious life, spent in harmless pursuits and meditation, gives no umbrage to Trojan or to Tyrian, to Imperialist or to Liberal, and I am suffered to classify my butterflies and to dissect my snakes in peace. Even Colonel Gomez, who commands here, and who is reckoned the most severe in enforcing martial law of all the Mexican chiefs—Marquez excepted—has not refused to allow a poor old bookworm to dwell unmolested within his lines, and to occupy himself with his broken Aztec pottery and Indian inscriptions unquestioned. But enough of this egotism. Did you not say, Mr. Wilmot, that you had kindly taken charge of some trifle sent me by—Miss Louisa?"

I could not help fancying that there was something a little odd in the doctor's tone as he pronounced these last words.

"Yes," I made answer; "it was a precious charge that your grand-daughter—"

"My grand-daughter!" exclaimed Dr. Anderson involuntarily; and then immediately added, in a tone of one who is annoyed with himself for some inadvertence, "yes, yes, to be sure. You mean your late companion in the diligence, Miss Louisa? I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but my thoughts were far away."

I thought this a little strange, but I forthwith produced the wooden case, and placed it in the doctor's hands. The old man opened it with a hand that was not quite steady; and, with evident impatience, lifted the lid of the splendid snuffbox. For a moment he looked perplexed, and then, plunging his fingers into the fragrant snuff, he drew out, to my surprise, a thick little packet of paper, closely folded, and which I saw at a glance was covered with writing.

While the old gentleman, apparently forgetful of my presence, was eagerly reading the contents of the now unfolded document, and while I was puzzled to conjecture what sort of letter it could be that needed to be conveyed to its destination with such cautious secrecy, and why, if Miss Louisa chose to send her written communications to her grandpapa by a private hand, she should have thought it necessary to keep me in ignorance of what the snuffbox really contained, I thought that I heard the distant call of a cavalry trumpet, and immediately afterwards a faint, far-distant sound like the measured tramp of marching men, blending with the thud of horsehoofs on the greensward. Then the sounds ceased, and I sat wondering. Why had my sweet young friend, why had the too-charming American damsel acted thus? It was a quasi-deceit. It surely implied either a genius for fibbing or a distrust of myself; and yet, to think ill of her—

"Ah, what *is this*?" For the doctor had started to his feet, frowning, and in manifest agitation. Almost at the same moment Pedro rushed in.

"Senor," he cried hurriedly, "they come, horse and foot. I see the bayonets glancing down the avenue among the cotton-trees, even from here. And Colonel Gomez is there, on the gray horse. See!"

I stared from master to man and from man to master, thoroughly at my wits' end. What was the meaning of all this? What could it signify to this old gentleman, with his natural history and his archæology, whether troops moved one way or another? Surely to stuff birds and dry lizards was no treason to empire or republic? and yet—

"Are the horses saddled, Pedro?" cried the doctor, in quite a different tone of voice from any which I had heard him use as yet—ringing, sonorous, martial.

"Saddled! that they are, my captain," answered Pedro promptly.

At that moment twang, twang! rang out the shrill notes of the cavalry trumpet; and then followed a shout and the report of a musket, while a bullet smashed through a pane of the great window, and lodged in one of the hard wood panels of the wall, within a foot of my head.

"*Vamos!* away!" shouted the doctor, throwing open the window, and leaping out upon the lawn, followed by Pedro. "Excuse me, lieutenant," he added with a laugh, turning his head as he sprang out; "look to yourself."

And in the momentary glimpse that I had of him thus I could see that his green spectacles had fallen off, and that he had lost the stoop of age, and regained all his youthful litheness of movement, as if by miracle. But by this time the din was something fearful; horses trampling, men running and shouting, discharges of firearms, loud cries of "Death to the traitors!"

As I stood stupefied, like one in a feverish dream, I could see two mounted men gallop madly off across the lawn, leap the ditch, and take their headlong way across the fields under a heavy fire, aimed at by fifty riflemen who came running up in the green garb of the Cacadores, and pursued by a score of riders. Then the firing ceased, and presently the trumpet sounded the recall, and the disappointed pursuers came riding back by twos and threes. But I stood as though my feet were rooted to the carpet, until a clash of spurs and steel scabbards resounded, and Colonel Gomez, a savage-looking old officer with shaggy gray eyebrows and a face purple with rage, burst into the room, with a dozen of his troopers, to arrest me.

"A very likely story," said the colonel grimly, as he twirled his long iron-gray moustache round his bony forefinger, and glared fiercely on me; "a probable tale. You call yourself an officer of the British navy and an innocent traveller, yet you have no passport or papers, no uniform even. And you own that you gave this," holding up the luckless gold snuffbox, "to yonder arch spy and prince of traitors—to the villain Fell, who has hoodwinked us for weeks, and has ridden off safe, with his scoundrel of an orderly, to Mexico City, to tell his comrades all he has observed within our lines, under the assumed character of a doctor and a man of science. The vile sorcerer! Our bullets missed him as if we had been shooting at the Gran Demonia himself. But they will not miss you, senor rogue; for I swear by St. Jago to bring you face to face with the fire of a platoon, were you twenty times English!"

And he caused me to be searched, ironed, and marched off to a tent, there to be guarded until the general should approve of my sentence—to be shot to death as a spy.

I had not been in the tent above two hours before the canvas was cautiously lifted, and the bright eyes and dusky face of Martin the Indian boy appeared in the opening.

"Hist!" he said in a whisper, with his finger on his lips; "the Senor Ingles was good to Martin; and Martin does not forget foe or friend. What can Indian boy do?"

The grateful creature had crept unheeded past my guards. I had, luckily, my pocket-book still about me, and I pencilled a note to Osborne, which Martin swore to deliver. He would saddle his master's best horse, he said, and ride night and day. But the gleam of comfort which the sight of this kindly lad, and his promise to hurry to my shipmate, had given me, died away when he was gone, and I remembered the long ride that lay before him, and the probability that before intercession could be made my iniquitous sentence would have been carried out to the bitter end.

The next few days passed by in dreary monotony. I was not ill-treated. I had a tent to myself, and was sufficiently supplied with the coarse food that composes the rations of the Mexican soldier. But two sentinels, crossing one another in their regular walk, paced night and day before the door of my canvas prison, through the flimsy roof of which the hot sun of the tropics forced its way towards noon with a power that was all but intolerable, while at night the mosquitoes and white flies came in winged legions to plague me. I was denied writing-materials, and having no books or chance of conversation, found the time pass heavily indeed. Presently it was announced to me that the general had approved my sentence, and that I was to be shot at eight o'clock on the morning of the ensuing day.

That morning dawned at last, glorious and unclouded, with all the brilliancy of light, the vivid tints of the vegetation, the unsullied azure of the sky peculiar to those latitudes; and true to the appointed hour, the firing-party, commanded by a subaltern, marched to the tent and led me forth—to die. The place selected for the execution was an open space of trampled greensward in front of the cavalry quarters. Here a shallow grave had been scooped in the sand, and at this spot, on the edge of the grave, I was compelled to kneel, while my arms were pinioned tightly, and a sergeant proceeded to bandage my eyes with a silk-handkerchief.

"You have five minutes to pray, if you heretics ever do," said the sergeant gruffly, and then withdrew.

I had made no remonstrance, used no entreaty. Hopeless and desponding, I prepared to meet my fate calmly, aware that no argument of mine could avail me. I heard the word of command, and then the rattle of the muskets. The men of the platoon were falling-in, and ordering arms, in obedience to the call of their officer. The time was nearly spent. I fancied, too, that I heard a distant sound as of horses galloping on the soft turf; but of this I had little leisure to think, for now the muskets clanked again as they were brought to the "present."

"When I lift my sword, then fire!" called out the officer.

Again the trampling sound of hurrying horses, and the clash of accoutrements, and a shout of several eager voices. Next there was a hubbub of excited talk, and the jingling of swords and neighing of horses, and I was dragged to my feet, while some one cut the cord that bound my arms, and another hand tore the bandage from my eyes.

"Only just in time," said a well-known and friendly voice; "but we are in time, thank Heaven! Why, Phil, my poor fellow!"

It was Henry Osborne who was beside me, and who held me propped on his shoulder—for I had fainted, or nearly so—while behind him appeared the copper-colored face of Martin the Indian boy. The travel-stained and dishevelled condition of both of them, as well as the bleeding and heaving flanks of their weary horses, told that they had ridden fast and far. Behind them, on horseback, were Colonel Gomez and several other officers, as well as a mounted aide-de-camp of General Diaz, holding a paper which I afterwards learned was the order for my reprieve and liberation.

"I have made it all right with the general," whispered Osborne; "but what a touch-and-go business it was! Two minutes, and yonder old tiger would have carried out his own tyrannical sentence in full. But we are to be off to Vera Cruz, and get on board again with all speed. The Liberals are furious about the trick in which you were an innocent instrument. That Captain Fell, whom you took for an old doctor—Anderson he called himself—turns out to be an ex-Confederate officer, now on Miramon's staff, and the most active and unscrupulous young fellow in the imperialist army; a spy who—"

"What are you talking of, with your spies and Confederates and young fellows?" asked I in my bewilderment. "Surely you don't mean that Dr. Anderson—"

"Dr. Anderson," said Osborne, interrupting me in his turn, and with a good-humored smile—"Dr. Anderson and Captain Fell, who is not above six or seven-and-twenty, are one and the same person. The letter you conveyed to him, unknowingly, in the gold box, was a warning that he or his orderly Pedro had been recognized by some one who had sent information to the Liberals who it was that lurked, disguised as an aged naturalist, at the Quinta Negra, and who sent constant information to the Imperialists of the enemy's movements. And as for Miss Louisa—"

"What of her?" I exclaimed.

"As for Miss Louisa, as you call her," continued Osborne with much composure, "she is considered by the Republicans as very nearly as dangerous a spy as her husband, and I advise you to forget her sunny blue eyes as soon as you conveniently can, for her name is Mrs. Fell."

So it was. It was Captain Fell's wife who had with such seeming artlessness tricked me into carrying the message that warned her husband to fly, and I had been doubly duped; that was all.

☞ Classical scholars are like Alpine travellers, who ascend a mountain on the pretext of a glorious prospect, or scientific observation; but ninety-nine out of a hundred climbers find that when they have reached the top they are too tired to see anything, and that it is so late that there is nothing to see; and then, coming down again by the most difficult way they can select, they secretly confide to their most intimate friends their private conviction that the exercise is the great thing after all.

☞ A credulous man said to a wag who had a wooden leg, "How came you to have a wooden leg?" "Why," answered the wag, "my father had one, and so had my grandfather. It runs in the blood."

AUNT FELICITE.

A NORMAN STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLOTTE BURNEY," &C.

Mademoiselle Trudin turned fiercely on her mother as she came heavily down the bare, wooden stairs.

"See what thy delay has caused. Is it right, is it proper, I ask thee, that a young creature like Genevieve should be seen in public alone with Monsieur Seton? Ciel! it is too insupportable."

"Chut! they have got Elodie." Madame Trudin was not nearly so much in awe of Felicite's anger as of the calm, cold, sarcastic mood by which she usually governed.

Her daughter shrugged her shoulders.

"Thou must go down and fetch her back. I will go with thee. Wilt thou have a shawl?"

Madame Trudin looked surprised.

"But I am not going; they will be back directly. I have seen plenty of crabs; why should not Genevieve see them also?"

Felicite tapped impatiently on the floor with the heel of her yellow boot.

"Dost thou not understand?—thou art mocking me. Thou canst not have forgotten all I told thee. Art thou not scandalized that Genevieve should be so indiscreet as to walk about alone with a gentleman?"

"Faith!" said her mother, with a hearty laugh; "I should like to see them; they would look a very pretty pair. I forgot, my child; but if he is thy betrothed, he will be the child's uncle, thou knowest; so it is well he should learn to take care of her."

Felicite's heart swelled, and the tears came in her eyes. It seemed to her that her place in her mother's heart was filled; that Madame Trudin cared nothing for her future happiness in comparison with Genevieve.

She said this with a proud bitterness that roused her mother to perceive that something unusual was stirring within her.

"I have grieved thee, my child," she said, penitently; "but then, my Felicite, thou hast not been quite open with thy old mother. Tell me, has this Monsieur Seton made his proposal, or has he come here to-day to make it to me?"

"That is what I expect." Felicite blushed till she looked almost ten years younger.

"I am glad; thou knowest thou art sure of my consent, and my blessing, with whoever thou mayest choose; for thou hast been always good and dutiful, only I did not think thou wouldst have taken so young and so grand a husband."

These were delicious words to listen to. When anything seems too good to be true, to a heart made incredulous by disappointment, how hungrily it listens to its own hopes on the lips of others! But Felicite roused herself to remember Genevieve.

"I think we had better look for them," she said, in a gentler tone. "Now Genevieve has grown out of childhood, thou dost not wish her to be much on the Plage when Dives is so full of company."

"Bon! thou mayest get me a shawl."

But before they reached the sea, they saw the trio returning, Elodie in front, holding a great crab by a piece of stick, to which a smaller one also clung.

Seton was stooping over Genevieve, whose face was bent down, as if to avoid his gaze.

Felicite hurried towards them. The sight struck her with the force of a blow.

"Grandmamma has come to bid you good night, Genevieve. It is time you took her home," she said, aside, to Elodie.

"Hein," said that old woman, protruding her chin, and bending her brows, "that's as Mademoiselle Genevieve pleases. I can wait as long as ever she likes——Oh, you nasty, greedy brute! do you want to eat the old woman's finger as well as the stick—a poor little finger that has done you no harm?" This to the crab.

Felicite looked keenly at her mother.

"Genevieve, it is best to say 'Bon soir' now, little one. Little jewel!" the old lady murmured, as she kissed the girl's forehead.

Seton was about to propose escorting her home, but a glance at Felicite checked him. She met his eyes as they left Genevieve's, but she did not know how fully her own revealed the expression she had detected. She saw his glance droop, and she thought it was with shame at the double part he had been playing. If she could have read his heart then, all might have been well. He was literally startled by the blaze of sudden jealousy that one look showed him. It seemed to him dangerous to expose Genevieve to its influence, and he bade her good-bye so calmly and willingly, that the girl's heart again swelled with sorrow. Had no one courage to take her part against Aunt Felicite?

"Ah, ciel!" said the conscience-stricken child, as she turned sadly away towards Nourrenne, "each time I have seen her to-day, I have felt full of bad and wicked thoughts. What would Father Aloysius say to me? Surely I am possessed by an evil spirit. Well, when I get back to Nourrenne I shall be myself again; and yet I have found these three days so sad. I have been wishing—oh, what have I not been wishing!" She clasped her hands over her burning face, to stifle the answer she felt there. Something told her that the grasp now laid on her heart would never loosen; that henceforth the longing unrest which so disquieted her would form a part of her being.

A cloud fell on her as the conviction mastered her. For refuge she fled to remembering the words of loving admiration and sympathy she had listened to on the Plage. Could they really have been spoken to her by this English Monsieur, who seemed, to the secluded, unsophisticated girl, a demi-god rather than an ordinary mortal?

Mr. Seton only reappeared once at Dives during the remainder of Felicite's visit. He had made himself very agreeable both to mother and daughter after Genevieve's departure, but he did not ask Madame to grant him a private interview.

Felicite grew timid and irritable. She had told Seton she should spend a week with her mother, and as she stayed on—or else she was eager to get back to St. Roque—to her piano, she said to herself, but really to the contemplation of the back windows of the Hotel de Paris.

The last day came, and in the evening came Mr. Seton.

Before he spoke, Felicite read in his eyes that he had not expected to see her at Dives; and she resolved to stay and find out what was the real purpose of his visit.

He was pleasant and cheerful; but all his empressment of manner towards her had vanished, and every now and then he was seemingly lost in thought.

"When do you return to St. Roque, mademoiselle?" he said, as he bade them good-evening. "I looked for you at your window, last night."

Felicite started; but she recovered herself before she spoke.

"I return there to-morrow; but I did not know you were at St. Roque. The day we travelled down to Dives together, you said you were going to Dol and Coutances."

She sighed involuntarily, for the remembrance of his words and looks on that day was too fresh not to be painful. Could it be possible that that few minutes on the Plage with Genevieve had undone all?

When he was gone she took herself to task.

She had been morbid and fanciful in thinking his manner changed; he was probably constrained before her mother, and would be all right when she again was at St. Roque. Felicite's notions of what was proper, gave her a restless night. It would not be proper for her to receive Mr. Seton alone; scarcely, perhaps, to talk with him from her window. The only way would be to ask Madame Leroux to bring her needlework out into the yard below, and act as chaperon.

Two more days passed. The old life had began again for Felicite in the Rue Puits d'Amour. But it was no longer dull. She seemed to dream through all the morning—to walk through it, as it were, on the tiptoe of expectation for what evening might bring. Hope grew so strong, that it bore her safely over the pits disappointment had dug in her way. Mr. Seton had appeared once at his window, and then he had only exchanged a few indifferent words; but still she told herself to be strong and patient. Why had he asked about her going back to St. Roque, if he had not wished for her?

On the fourth morning after her return—market-day—she found it necessary to go out to purchase some soup-herbs! she had exhausted the supply brought from Dives. Felicite disliked marketing. She was dignified, but she was not genial; and she hated to be addressed as "my pretty mam'selle," and "my little dame," by the sturdy fruit and vegetable sellers; but to-day there was no Genevieve to send in her place.

She had bought her herbs and onions, and some French beans, and she stood waiting while these were shred up, ready for cooking. Two women came near her, talking so earnestly, that their words sounded out of the universal din.

"Chut! I say nothing; it might reach the aunt's ears, and then my sweet angel would be taken away from me forever. Ahi!"

The last sound was one of terror. Felicite had recognized the speaker's voice, but she stood still, without turning her head. She guessed that Elodie had seen her; but she knew it would be worse than useless to attempt to force from her any explanation of her words.

Quietly and collectedly she made her way out of the market, without once turning her head in the direction of the flower-stall, and then she began to think—to piece facts together, until suspicions and certainty had grown into a picture that made her tremble with suppressed passion.

There was but one way open to her; her eyes must tell her at once the true meaning of Elodie's words.

The clock was striking ten. The old woman would be safe in the market for two hours longer; or even if she had seen her, and hurried home, reckless of profits for that day, Madlle. Trudin would reach Nourrenne by the omnibus long before Elodie's donkey-cart got there; that is to say, if she arrived at the starting-place in time.

Ah! there was the doubt. Nourrenne was six miles off; and yet, though Felicite was not a better walker than Frenchwomen of her class generally are, she decided, by the time she reached the little Place, to set off on foot if she were too late for the omnibus.

But she was not doomed to such a penance. She turned the angle of the church, and there stood the shabby little vehicle. She was only just time. There was one passenger besides herself—a young abbe—but he was so deeply absorbed with his book that she might as well have been travelling alone.

She did not know her way to Nourrenne. She had asked the conductor to set her down at the nearest point to the little out-of-the-way fishing-village; after that, she must trust to chance to find a path to it; but Felicite was not timid or diffident of her own powers; what she willed, she almost always did; and when she was put down at a lonely point, where three roads met, she set forth on that shown her without hesitation. At first the road, on either side, was bordered by hawthorn hedges and grassy banks, shaded by the tall trees growing up behind them. Here and there appeared the roof of a high-pitched chateau, through its formal avenue of poplar trees; but these were few. Green orchards, laden with sunny-colored fruit, showed through the hedge gaps, the barley or wheat harvest ready for the sickle beneath; but as the ground began to slope towards the sea, the soil grew looser and more uneven beneath Felicite's feet, and the orchards dwindled, till at length she found herself in a narrow dirty road, with waste ground on either side, overgrown with buckthorn and coarse herbage. Before her lay the glittering, opal-like sea, flashing unnumbered tints from its luminous expanse—not a curl of smoke, not a vestige of human habitation, to tell her that she was on the right track. She might be miles away from Nourrenne; and yet something—Felicite did not know what—the wonderful sixth sense, that comes to us all at times—warned her that she was near her quest.

She paused to think; she knew that the whole village of Nourrenne was made up of five or six cabins; Elodie's must be more inland than the rest, because of her garden. Could the cabins be down on the Plage itself, behind the cliffs, which, as the road descended rapidly, seemed to rise all at once a short distance before her, the path being channelled through them?

She was through the narrow cliff now, and before her lay the broad glittering sea: it was ebb-tide, and the rocks showed out in long black reefs: close beside them were the fishermen's cottages.

Felicite's heart gave a bound of relief and self-gratulation; her judgment never deceived her. In another moment her terrible doubt would be solved; the suspicion which as yet she had realized only as a dim phantom, that the man she looked on as her own lover had met Genevieve in secret at Nourrenne.

Far away along the shining sand the base of the cliff has crumbled away, and, overlapped by the upper portion, which is still firm and solid, forms a wide-mouthed cave, carpeted with shells and seaweed, and fringed overhead with long coarse grass.

A soft murmur comes from within the

cave; it is the softest, sweetest moment of young Love's life—a maiden brought to confession, compelled to own in bashful, half-uttered words, as Genevieve owns now—that she loves!

She was seated in the cave beside Seton; his arms were round her, and her face was hidden on his shoulder.

"Say it again," he murmured; "I can never hear it often enough, my darling, my precious Genevieve; I cannot believe it yet, that this little heart is all my own for ever!"

He hung over her in an intoxication of delight and triumph. This was fourth visit to Nourrenne, but, spite of her love, the girl's timidity had till now prevented him from owning his passion.

They sat still, neither of them willing to break that delicious silence of first happiness: such moments should be marked with white stones in all our hearts; they never come twice to man or woman.

Seton was the first to speak.

"Look at me, my darling, for you are mine now. Ah! how happy I will make you when you are my own dear little wife. If I ever cause you a moment's pain, it will be the bitterest memory of my life. Look at me, sweet one; let me see in your own dear eyes that you believe me."

She raised them to his, liquid with unutterable tenderness. How little either dreamed of a watcher! There came a slight cry of anguish, and then they started asunder, to see Felicite standing beside them.

Seton was on his feet in a moment. He grasped Madlle. Trudin's hand in both of his.

"I am alone to blame for this," he said; "your niece knew nothing of my love till now. I am glad you are here: you will be, will you not, a valuable ally and friend with your mother?"

Felicite withdrew her hand.

"Does my mother know nothing, then, of this?"

She spoke involuntarily, and she repented her words, for she knew the encouragement they would convey to Genevieve.

Genevieve—whom she dared not look at—was suddenly transformed from a child into a bold, intriguing girl—the ruin of her hopes.

It seemed to Felicite as if hell were let loose in her bosom, and that unless she kept the tightest rein on her outward bearing, she must do some desperate act to slake the fire that was consuming her.

Her strong will helped her to be calm in speaking to Seton. She did not hate him; he was merely a victim.

He answered her question in a confused, conscious manner that helped her self-control.

"I am not sure, Mademoiselle, whether your mother has received my letter. I was just telling Genevieve that I have written to Madame Trudin this morning to ask her permission to address her grand-daughter, and I intend to present myself for her reply this afternoon at Dives."

"I think, Monsieur, my mother will tell you you should have asked her permission before you presumed to address this—this—very young girl at all. In France, no woman, who has any regard for her reputation, permits the slightest intercourse with an unauthorized suitor."

She looked at Genevieve, and the girl shrank trembling from the pitiless gaze, and burst into tears.

But Seton resumed his place beside her, and again clasped his arm fondly round her waist. He looked up haughtily at Felicite.

"Mademoiselle, will you permit me to say that I wish that point to be decided by your mother? It seems to me the best course open to us now, my Genevieve,"—he looked fondly into the sobbing girl's face,—"is to go at once together to Dives, and ask your good grandma's forgiveness. Do you not think so, Mademoiselle?"

"I cannot imagine you need my advice at this hour, Monsieur; you could have had it before, if you had really wished for it. There is one point on which I must be firm—I speak as my mother's representative—Genevieve must go with me to Dives; I cannot lose sight of her again."

She had somewhat mastered her anger, but when she saw the girl shrink from her, and turn her imploring face to Seton, it burst out in spite of her.

"Have you no shame, unhappy one?" she said, fixing her piercing gaze on her. "Think of your pure, sainted mother; think what the honor of your father would feel at your misconduct."

Seton tried to speak. Felicite stopped him with a haughty gesture.

"Monsieur, I cannot listen: this is purely a family question between me and my niece. You can, of course, follow us to Dives; but I tell you that I will not quit Genevieve again until I leave her safe under my mother's care."

Madame Trudin was sitting in her garden-chair, reading Seton's letter.

She had her silver-mounted spectacles on; but still that English handwriting was very difficult to master. The t's were "so pagan and outlandish," Madame said. However, when she had aided her perceptions by two or three pinches of snuff, she had a very fair comprehension of Mr. Seton's intentions.

She smoothed the paper over with her dimpled hand, and gave a little sigh.

"Poor Felicite! she is disappointed. But, then, she has doubtless deceived herself. It is the way always with women of her age; and it is my sweet little darling, then, that this young milord Anglais demands so loftily for his wife. Ma foi, it is hard to yield her! But what will you? When one reaches the descending side of the wheel one must always give place to those who are mounting. Yes, Felicite and I must both think of the child now, not of ourselves; it is hard, but it is natural."

She wiped a little tear out of each eye, and then, when she looked up presently at the click of the gate, there were the three wayfarers from Nourrenne coming up the serpentine gray path towards her. Felicite in advance, her face full of stern sorrow; Seton close to her, flushed and eager to tell his own story; and, lagging far behind the others, poor pale Genevieve, feeling almost as if she wished the earth would open and cover her. Before Aunt Felicite could tell the grandmother how she had found her, Seton pressed forward, and before Felicite could interfere he and Madame Trudin were shaking hands as if they were old friends.

"Then you are not displeased with my note?" He felt eager to get some definite words out before the aunt could speak. Spite of himself, he had a secret dread of her influence over her mother.

"I think you are a robber!" The old lady looked very mischievous, for she saw his anxiety in his face, and had the innate love of teazing peculiar to some women, and to all feline animals. "A very naughty robber, to come and steal my bright child away, without any consideration of the loss to me. Ah, but I must be told everything regularly, you know."

She smoothed down the backs of her black silk mittens, and looked as serious as she could. She had attired herself for this interview as for one of the state occasions of her life, and it had been real relief to see both her children with Seton. The responsibility would have been too solemn to undertake alone.

Felicite was standing beside Seton, quite as eager as he was, and far more resolute.

A cloud came over the face of Madame Trudin whilst her daughter spoke.

"Mother, will you listen to me for five minutes alone?"

The puzzled old woman looked from one to the other. She hated difficulties. All had seemed so clear and easy, and now was Felicite going to put obstacles in the way?

But Seton could be as determined as Felicite when he was fairly roused.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, I would not for the world intrude between you and your dear mother. I only ask one favor. That she will give me this dear little hand first, and accept me as her grandson!"

He drew Genevieve forward, but instead of standing hand in hand with him, she threw her arms round Madame Trudin's neck, and hid her face on her shoulder.

She only fled there for refuge and forgiveness, but the appeal was irresistible.

Her grandmother kissed her again and again, and whispered tender words of encouragement. Then she looked at Seton with a tearful earnestness that restrained even Felicite's impatience.

"Monsieur," she said, with a slight reproach in her tone, "I do not know how you have won the child's affections; but it seems to me you have them. It is not for me to withhold her from you, if you have, as you say you have, the means of making her your wife; but remember how she has been loved, and do not take her from me unless she is always to be as dear to you as she is now."

Seton was entirely moved out of his easy indolence. He took Madame Trudin's hand, and then Genevieve's and pressed them to his lips. He turned to Felicite to claim her consent also; but Madlle. Trudin had gone in-doors.

Seton knew very well that all his delicious private interviews with Genevieve were over, and hard as it was to leave her, now that he could really feel she was his own, after a few explanations, and some very satisfactory talk with her grandmother, he returned to St. Roque. He felt a strange unwillingness to leave Felicite behind him, but he should come back next day to Dives, and surely Genevieve must be safe in her grandmother's loving care.

Meantime Felicite had shut herself up in her own room, not to give vent to the fury of jealous rage that labored within her, but to devise how this folly, as she considered it, might best be stopped.

If Madame Trudin could be persuaded to retract her consent, she was not afraid that any girl, so well trained and principled as Genevieve, would commit the unpardonable sin of marrying against the consent of her parents; but the difficulty she saw before her lay in her mother's own inclination to permit the marriage.

She walked up and down the room for more than an hour, but still no valid objection presented itself. His double-dealing towards herself—bah! A bitter smile crossed her stern face. Her mother had no place left in her heart for her now. Had she not actually turned her back on her remonstrances, to listen to Seton?

Genevieve had robbed her of all. Genevieve for whom she had worked so unflinchingly—who owed to her every charm and grace by which she had ensnared Seton! The fierce passion would not be stayed; it glittered in her eyes, and sounded in her hard, deep breathing.

"Oh, ciel!" she murmured. "How I hate her; if I were not a good woman, I should kill her."

This outburst brought back her self-control. She knew herself to be good, and pious, and wise; she ought not to allow her mother, whose faculties were clouded by age, to decide for herself in this matter.

These young marriages were never successful; could she forget her brother's sorrowful fate; had he not himself asked her in his last illness not to let his infant child die as her mother had died, broken-hearted. What did any of them know of this Mr. Seton; he might take the child away to England; who could say that he had not already a wife there?

She sat thinking on, till, as the rays of sunshine faded from off the vine-leaves clustering round her casement, a gleam of sudden light flashed within her; she shrank, with abhorrence and shame, from the suggestion, but she did not resolutely turn away and refuse to listen to it, and the suggestion had soon become a purpose, only waiting opportunity.

She had not joined the mid-day meal; but now that thought was no longer at work, she could feel hungry, and she went into the little salle.

Everything had smoothed itself to the success of her purpose; Genevieve had gone to lie down, and Madame Trudin was alone.

She looked disturbed when her daughter came in; but before their conference ended, there came upon her bright genial face an expression of sorrow and self-reproach which rarely left it again.

Madame Trudin was seated in the garden with her lap full of endive, and the great brass pan of water beside her. She had asked Mr. Seton to make his second breakfast at Dives, and she ought to be getting the salad ready, but she made little progress; her hands trembled so, that she was glad when Marie came and took it all away into the kitchen; she had nothing now to distract her attention from unhappy Genevieve.

The poor girl had been weeping bitterly, but silently, for a long, long time, resisting all her grandmother's efforts at consolation. Now she sat up and pushed the hair away from her face.

"My good grandma! this is not your own thought, these are not your own words that you have been speaking—Aunt Felicite has put them all into your head. I do not love her, she has never loved me; and now she is trying to prevent my happiness."

"Hush, my child; you are unjust. Have I, then, no judgment of my own? All that I say is, that Mr. Seton is a heretic and a stranger. I am content not to make an obstacle of the first, though I am not sure that it is not a sin so to do; but for the last I say this—he is handsome, and he is pleasing, and my Genevieve loves him. Good, these are all good reasons for my having said yes to his pretensions."

"And you did say yes, grandma; you cannot unsay that consent."

Madame Trudin looked conscience-struck, but she looked angry too.

"You are unreasonable, petite. I am not one to blow hot and cold. I say this: let Mr. Seton go away now and prove himself faithful for a year or so; then if he comes back and claims you, there shall be no more obstacles; but I think you have both been foolish and imprudent, and this little trial will be good for you."

It was difficult to believe that it was Madame Trudin who spoke, so much of her daughter's stiff, hard tone sounded in her words.

The young girl felt this, and felt too, how useless it was to appeal against them; she clenched her hands tightly together, and sat silent.

Presently a new look of determination came into her sad face.

"Grandmamma, I have given my promise; if Arthur claims me, I must marry him."

The old woman was surprised.

"Genevieve, you know what the law says about consent of parents—that of itself ought to be enough for any right-minded girl; but have you so soon forgotten all I told you about your mother? It is true, I did not at first see her fault so seriously as—as others did, because if she disobeyed and offended her high-born parents, it was to marry my only son; but the curse remained for all that. From the time of your father's marriage, nothing prospered with him; and your mother's last words were to accuse herself of his misfortunes, and the blight she had brought on us all. Will you tempt her fate again, Genevieve? Will you reward Mr. Seton's love by bringing down a curse on his head?—for a curse must follow a disobedient child, though its parents may never utter it."

Genevieve had not forgotten the pitiful history, though she trembled now as her grandmother repeated it; the remembrance of Elodie's sad pictures of her young father and mother dying of want and sorrow, before Mademoiselle Trudin came to the rescue of their child—too late to save the parents—had caused her bitter weeping. She knew she could not marry Seton unless her grandmother consented; but she had not believed that Madame Trudin could resist her pleading.

Presently she saw Seton coming up the garden. Instead of going to meet him, she stole into the house.

He saw the movement, and a shadow came over his joyful anticipations; a few minutes more, and he saw the old lady's sorrowful face; then he grew anxious and impatient.

"But you must sit down; I have a proposal to offer to you." She fidgeted her mittens as she spoke. "Yes, yes—you shall marry Genevieve—have I not said so yesterday? But listen, my friend, the child is young; you must wait two years."

He started up, and exclaimed against her words. But she went on doggedly.

"She is young; and there are other reasons too—grave reasons, Monsieur, to a parent. You are a foreigner, Monsieur Seton—a heretic, perhaps"—she crossed herself; "and you may change your mind. But listen;" he was pacing the walk in front of her in a tempest of indignation; "you shall have liberty to write to Genevieve; you shall see her, provided that you respect the proprieties, and that my daughter is present at your meetings; for it is better for the child to go back at once to St. Roque."—She hurried on here, as if she were afraid he would not listen.—"At the end of two years, if you still wish to make Genevieve your wife, you shall have her; but, Monsieur Seton, it is possible you will have changed before the end of two years."

Mr. Seton was very angry; he stormed and reproached the old lady; but he did not turn her from her resolution. Then he insisted on seeing Genevieve alone; but this, it appeared, could not be tolerated.

"I must see her at all events, Madame," he said, savagely, "if I stay here till dark."

Madame bowed. She had a confused, downcast look, which puzzled the young Englishman. He wondered Felicite did not appear to support her mother.

"You shall see the child, Monsieur; she is more reasonable than you are. I entreat you not to sow discord between her and me."

Genevieve came down stairs very pale and quiet: the great red rings round her eyes told him how deeply she had suffered, and yet he felt angry with her for the meek look of patience on her sad face.

He led her away to the window, and the soft-hearted grandmother plunged both her hands and as much of her face as possible into her huge knitting-basket, which stood on the little buffet near the door.

"Genevieve, my own darling, what is this that has come between us? It is not you who wish for this horrible separation?"

There was a look of uneasiness and doubt in his eyes that filled hers with a quick gush of tears.

"Ah! no, no," she said; "you have made life such a new, happy thing to me, that I dare not think what it will be when you go away."

Then she laid her face on his shoulder to hide her blushes.

He pressed her very closely to him, and bent down his head to whisper—

"You are your own mistress, my darling; you have no parents to obey; be my wife at once, and we will go to England together."

She loved him very dearly, and yet the proposal repelled her, apart from its actual meaning. It seemed as if she must have said or done something to make him think her unwomanly.

She shook her head, without answering.

"You do not love me; you cannot understand my love for you, Genevieve, or you could not think of idle scruples, when our whole future happiness is in question."

Genevieve looked up into his eyes; and Seton, angry and thwarted as he felt, could no longer doubt her love. By degrees she quieted him, and got him to listen to the story of her mother's disobedience.

"You are too pure and good for me," he whispered, when she ceased speaking, and Genevieve felt his tears on her forehead; but his mood soon altered; he knew Felicite had caused the change in her mother, and he was determined to acquaint her with his knowledge. But, face to face, he was no match for Felicite. He lost his patience, while she listened with perfect smiling calmness. She could be gentle both with him and Genevieve now; but she never took her eyes off them when they met in her presence.

They met twice a-week in the dingy little parlor in the Rue Puits d'Amour, and there sat Felicite, gentle, watchful, silent. How could they talk freely in her presence? Seton tried vainly to meet Genevieve by stealth, but her aunt never sent her out alone now: she was not unkind, but she was not to be taken unawares.

To be thus conquered and kept in subjection was too much.

"I cannot stand this," Seton whispered to Genevieve at his fourth visit. "Surely if you tried, you could meet me out of doors?"

"I cannot—indeed, I cannot. I am never alone now. I grieve most for you; for me, if I see you only, I am content; but I know you are unhappy."

He tried, for her sake, to bear the restraint, but he could not; he had never had to study any one but himself, and the struggle was hard.

They met once more, and then he told Genevieve he should be better away from St. Roque.

"We can write to each other far more freely than we can speak, my darling," he whispered.

Seton went away; he never dreamed of the anguish the brave little heart hid from him when he bade her good-bye.

Before he went, he told Madame Trudin that he did not wish Genevieve's professional education to be continued. "She sings quite well enough to please me," he said; and the sight of her niece was now so painful to Felicite that she was glad to send her to Dives.

Seton had promised Genevieve to return at the year's end and claim her.

The time came, and found him pledged to spend some months in Italy with a brother artist. It would be very provoking to go all the way to Normandy only to find the old grandmother as obstinate as ever; but still he must keep his promise.

He wrote to Genevieve, and asked her to tell him frankly whether she could give him any definite hope of success if he came.

But Genevieve could not do this. She spoke to her grandmother, but Madame Trudin would not listen. The girl had lived on from month to month in the hope of seeing Seton; his letters grew fewer and shorter as time went on; "but when he comes all will be well," the poor child said to herself. And now what could she do? Even for the joy of seeing him, she must not deceive him by a false hope, and once more she strove to be courageous and put a mask on her own deep, consuming love.

Women act thus from high, unselfish motives, and, doubtless, they are rewarded. Seton's letter showed Genevieve plainly that he shrank from coming to Normandy unless she could meet him as his wife. Ardently as she longed for his presence, her own love was too deep and fervent to need any spur, and it did not occur to her to doubt Seton's constancy; circumstances might have delayed his writing. When he was in Italy he would have fewer distractions, and his letters would be again fond and passionate.

Her answer relieved Seton. It would have upset all his plans to make a detour to Normandy; but he was mortified that Genevieve did not urge him to go to her; it seemed to him that, after all, Madame Trudin had been right, and that they had both been young and precipitate. He put the tender, self-denying letter into his pocket, and began to think whether a long engagement was not a very foolish thing. He should not, at any rate, be in a hurry to write again to Genevieve. And then he went abroad, and month after month passed by, and still he did not answer the tender letter. It was partly forgetfulness, and partly a sort of shame, now that the sudden love-fit was over, for the folly it had led him to commit. He had seen many lovely faces since he parted from Genevieve, faces ready to smile on him, and although he had not forgotten the sweet French girl, still her image had grown indistinct; its fresh charm had departed.

Arthur Seton was drawing in the Sciarra Palace one morning about six months after his arrival in Italy; he was in high spirits, triumphant at his own success, and the progress he was making in his profession; a sudden—

"Here you are at last, old fellow!" made him start and turn round.

A thin, dark man, with a face something between Don Quixote and Charles the First, was holding out his hand to him.

"I say, Seton, I've been hunting you up all the morning. Do come along into the sunshine. I've such lots of news for you. I called at your place before I came away, and I've brought you such a heap of letters."

"Bills, perhaps, for I have not many correspondents."

"Well, it's all the same. I'm not sure that it isn't easier to me to pay a bill than to answer a letter; in fact, it's a thing I never do. If people will write to me, they must take the consequences."

"But you see I have not a rich baronet for my uncle, so I prefer answering my letters. Where are you staying?"

"Oh, I'm at the Hotel di Rocco. I want you to tell me of a better place, and I want you to tell me lots of things when you've read your letters."

Mr. Bladen would have done much better if he had asked his questions first. He installed Seton in a comfortable easy-chair, and then placed a little table before him, on which was a formidable-looking budget of letters.

One of them, bearing a foreign aspect and address, in a minute female handwriting, lay at the top of the packet. Seton glanced at it, and then, with a half-annoyed look, threw it on one side. He opened another; the contents seemed amusing, for he laughed with a heartiness unusual to him; then he looked at his companion. Mr. Bladen was at the window, at the further end of the balcony, intent on some scene in the street below.

Seton stretched out his hand, and opened and read the little letter.

It was very short, not quite a page long, but its effect on him was magical.

Still keeping it in his hand, he was beside his friend in an instant.

"Bladen, I am very sorry, but I must go. I must leave Rome to-night, if I can;" then he went on in a confused way about sudden news—illness—not a moment to lose; and before his friend had recovered from his surprise, was down-stairs, and halfway to his own lodgings.

Till he was safe on his way to Leghorn, he did not again read the letter which had caused his sudden journey; then he opened it, and read it slowly through:—

"MY OWN WELL-LOVED ARTHUR,—I wrote to you three months ago, but you have not answered me. It is possible, it seems to me, that my letter has never reached you. You ask me to tell you then whether grandmamma had changed her resolution about our marriage, and I fancied, perhaps without cause, that you did not care to come all this long way only to see Genevieve. It seemed to me you were braver than I, who had been so living on the hope of seeing you, and that I should be worthier of you if I could imitate your patience. Indeed, I have tried, my own Arthur, but they all say I am very ill. I think it is only the strong desire I have to see you; perhaps, if you could come, I might grow well. Is it very weak, very selfish, to ask you to let me look at you once more, to let me hear you call me again your own—

"GENEVIEVE."

In the flap of the envelope were just these words:—

"If you mean to see her again, come at once. TRUDIN, MARIGNY VEUVE."

It is useless to tell the feverish impatience that possessed Seton. At first, as he read and re-read the little letter, his tears fell over it, and self-reproach made him moody and irritable. The letter was dated three months back. What might not have happened in that time? What a fool he had been, when he at length settled himself in Rome, to put off, day after day, writing home for his letters. But as he drew nearer Normandy, and growing tired of his long, fatiguing journey, had leisure to reflect on the grievous interruption it must prove to his studies and success, he began to see that he had been hasty in acting on what he now called impulse. Genevieve was only a child—this pining might be a mere freak—women never died for love except in books—she might be well and strong again by this time—what did he know?—she had, perhaps, forgotten him altogether. Though he said this to himself, he did not believe it. A silent, brooding discontent hung over him; it would have been better to have written and inquired for Genevieve before he left Rome. He had determined to break off his engagement; why had he exposed himself to what might prove an unpleasant meeting?

He got to St. Roque early in the afternoon of a bright day in March. The keen east wind greeted him at the corner of the streets in its own ungenial fashion, but Seton did not heed it. He reached the market-place around the old gray church. It was silent and empty, but the memory of Genevieve, as she had stood there in her fresh, pure loveliness, beside the old Elodie, came back to him, and those bright days of delight on the sands at Nourrenne; and he had been ready to fling away this treasure of love and beauty, and to go on his way contended not to see her again! How had he forgotten this brief delicious time? A sense of gladness stole over him. He was impatient to hold her to his heart, ready, even, to ask her forgiveness for his long neglect—a great concession, this last, from Arthur Seton.

The door of the dull house in the Puits d'Amour was opened by Felicite herself. Seton had no time to ask the question on his lips, for Madlle. Trudin had seized his hand, and held it between both of hers.

God of Mercies! you are come!—it is of the mercy of the Holy Virgin to my pure, sainted child! But why have you not come before—why have you killed her with your delay?"

"Killed her!" Seton's face changed to such an awful whiteness that Felicite expected to see him fall at her feet; but he steadied himself against the wall of the narrow entrance-passage. "Is she very ill—let me see her at once," he said; "I must see her!"

There was a strange expression of mingled pity and contempt on Felicite's worn face, though her words had stunned him. Seton was struck with the haggard change; all color and beauty had gone from her.

"You shall see her, Monsieur; but she is dearer to me than you are now, and I must prepare her for the sudden sight of you. Also, there is much to be told you; and perhaps you ought to know it before you meet. Was it my letter that made you come?" she said, abruptly.

"Your letter? No. She wrote to me."

"Genevieve! Oh! but that was months ago. Ah! if you had come then! Now it is too late—too late for all but repentance." She buried her face in her hands and sobbed—hard, suppressed sobs, that brought no tears with them.

Seton was agitated and alarmed, but he could not take in the reality. Again he moved to go up-stairs.

"Wait!" Felicite placed herself between him and the door of the little room. "You have caused others suffering enough by waiting for your slow coming; can you not even make the atonement of a little patience, while I tell you what must be told you about her, who is too pure, too near Heaven, for either of *us* to look at?"

Her first words had been bitter, but as she spoke of Genevieve her voice changed into a despairing sadness, that brought tears to Seton's eyes.

"Heaven knows, I have no right to reproach you, Monsieur; you have sinned, but not as I have. You did not sit down and plan deliberately how best to destroy Genevieve's happiness, just because it clashed with your own vanity. I did! Listen!" (for she saw his attention was wandering, in his eagerness to go up-stairs.) "I loved you, as only vehement natures can love, and I believed that you were throwing yourself away on Genevieve. I did all I could to keep her from you; and when I found this useless, then I resolved that your marriage should never be. I thought Genevieve had no depth of feeling—God forgive me! I judged that she would forget long before you would."

Seton groaned.

"My only hope lay in making my mother insist on a long engagement. Even now I tell you, I am so little humbled that I scarcely believe in my own wickedness. I tried many ways; but my mother would not listen. Then I said, 'I have worked and slaved all my life, and been always a sacrifice to others. Look at me, my mother! You know I always keep my word. I am resolved that this Englishman shall not marry the child, and if you persist in thwarting me, you must live on the small income you have; I can work no longer for you, and I will not!' Monsieur, I knew my mother when I said this. She is good; but she loves herself too, and all the little comforts of her life are more to her than life itself. She cried, and strove hard to change my purpose; but I saw I should conquer if I persisted, and I did persist. You know what came after, and how I tried to make even your meetings a penance. You went away sooner than I expected. I have learned to set men's natures at a lower rate since I knew you. Perhaps you thought, as I did, that Genevieve was so calm when you left her, that she did not feel much sorrow. How little we knew, either of us—we, who only thought of ourselves—of her who lived but for another. I watched her all that year. She grew paler and thinner daily, with a restless, feverish look in her bright eyes, but she did not droop actually till the year's end; then she faded so fast that I knew what the struggle

had been before. One day, Monsieur, the doctor told me she would die if her mind were not set at rest; that she was pining to death. In one moment, my heart told me that, if she died, I had killed her. I went to her, on my knees I told her all—my love and my sin—and she—she forgave me, without even one murmur. I asked her to write to you—and she wrote—though she said it was selfish to recall you against your will; but since the time when she could have had an answer to that last letter, she has sunk rapidly. You shrink from me, Monsieur Seton. I am not surprised. I have told you of my shame, as part of the punishment I must bear. You have sinned, too; but if it had not been for me, you would not have had the occasion. Now follow me, but do not come in till I summon you."

The pale, overwrought woman, led the way up-stairs with the quiet, self-possessed manner he so well remembered. He could not think or feel; only the past filled his mental vision with the mocking pictures of what might never be again.

"Come in, now, Monsieur," said Felicite, from the inner room. Seton had been burning with impatience; now he hung back—he dared not face the dying girl.

But he heard his name softly spoken, and almost unconsciously he found himself beside her.

She lay on a sofa, changed far beyond any change he could have pictured. Lovely still, but with a beauty that seemed more of heaven than earth.

She smiled when she saw him, but her face grew troubled soon. He threw himself down beside her, and burst into an agony of grief, terrible to any beholder; enough—so it seemed to Madame Trudin—to kill her cherished darling.

"Hush!—hush, Monsieur! if you have so little control, you must leave us."

He had not seen the grandmother at first, for she sat hidden behind Genevieve's sofa. Her voice checked him; but he could not altogether restrain himself.

"My aunt!"—the loving trust in the sweet eyes seemed more than Felicite could bear, judging by her bowed head and trembling hands. "Thou wilt take the good grandma away, wilt thou not? It is so long since Arthur and I have seen each other."

No one spoke in answer; but when he raised his head they were alone.

He had never practised self-control, and he could not learn it all at once. Kneeling beside her, holding her clasped in his arms, he poured out all his agony, all his self-reproach, in miserable broken sentences, mingled with sobs. More than once she tried to stop him, to soothe him with gentle, loving words; but he could not listen. Her wasted hand, as she laid it on his, only roused his grief to more intense bitterness. Her sudden pallor and half-closed eyelids warned him at last. In terror he called to Felicite to aid his efforts to restore her.

"Leave us now," he said, as Genevieve revived again. "I promise you to be careful." He made a mighty effort to stifle his sobs. He longed to hear her speak to him.

"You must not grieve so vehemently, dearest!" He had clasped his hand in both of hers, and now she drew it to her lips—"I am so happy in the joy of your presence, that it is hard to make me see that you do not rejoice in mine also."

He could not speak, but he clasped his arms yet more fondly round her.

"Arthur, my own darling, you must not sorrow over any of the past. I like you to know, and yet I cannot half tell you, how blessed it has all been to me. It has taught me so many things. I love you, oh, so much better than I should have loved you without it, and grandmamma, and poor—poor Aunt Felicite. You must not sorrow over what has made me glad, my own." For he had buried his face on the cushion on which she lay, and she felt his tears on her cheek.

It was very hard to feel that he must smile into those dear eyes whose light would so soon leave him; that he must restrain the quivering agony of self-reproach, instead of pouring it out to her. But it seemed to Seton as if he must obey her—as if the only atonement left for him was to submit himself implicity to her slightest wish. . . .

What agony he suffered, day after day, as she faded gradually from earth, only those can realize who have watched beside such a parting spirit as Genevieve's. He bled inwardly, as daily some fibre of hope was wrenched away, and yet he did not dare to trouble, by earthly sorrow, the soul yearning for flight.

But it was only her presence that could thus subdue him. Often he left her room abruptly, and Felicite would find him stretched on the floor of the room below in an awfulness of despair that even she dared not cope with. Then she would send her mother, to soothe him like a child, and bring him back to Genevieve.

It was to Seton his hardest punishment that she never expressed a wish to live for him. One day, moved out of the restraint he had learned beside her, he told her this.

"And it is just and right, my darling. I could never have made you happy; and you feel this—"

Such a look of loving wonder came into her face.

"My Arthur, you would have made me so happy that I should have loved earth more than heaven. Think how happy you make me now." . . . .

And so she faded, with little of suffering, and to the last smiling in the three faces that strove to hide their anguish from her.

And when all was ended, Seton went away.

It seems to him as if he has left years of life behind him at St. Roque. I cannot tell if the impression will be lasting. Will he go back into the world and forget, and grow as light-hearted as ever? or will he, like gray-haired, sorrow-stricken Aunt Felicite, carry for ever with him the memory of his grief, and the share he had in bringing it to pass?

Felicite still lives in the dull house in the Rue Puits d'Amour. She works harder than ever at her profession. But old Madame Trudin says, each time her daughter comes to Dives, that she grows more gentle and loving—more like her lost Genevieve.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, Chestnut St. above Tenth. The 67th Annual Exhibition of Paintings, Statuary and Architecture, is now open daily from 9 A. M., till 7 P. M., and from 8 till 10 in the evening. Admittance 25 cents. Season tickets 50 cents. my9-5t

$10 TO $20 A DAY GUARANTEED.

GOOD AGENTS wanted to introduce our new STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first class, low priced machine in the market. WE WILL COMBINE MACHINES to responsible parties AND EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. my23-13t

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SONS.

Question. Which is the LARGEST Clothing House in Philadelphia?
Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, at the corner of Sixth and Market streets.
Question. Which Clothing House has the BEST assortment?
Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.
Question. Which is the CHEAPEST place to buy Clothing for Gents, Boys and Children?
Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.
Question. Why is WANAMAKER & BROWN'S the largest Clothing House in the city?
Answer. Because it contains more rooms and covers a larger space than any other house in this line of trade in Philadelphia. Besides this, it is largest in sense of selling more goods than any other Clothing House in the city.
Question. Why do Wanamaker & Brown have the BEST assortment?
Answer. Because they always have the largest number of garments on hand for customers to make selections from, and their goods are always FRESHER, a large business keeping a steady flow of new goods to their counters all the time.
Question. Why is Wanamaker & Brown's CHEAPER than other places?
Answer. Because their system of doing business, buying in first hands, gives them great advantages, and their very large sales afford moderate profits.
Question. Do they have fine goods "READY MADE," as well as lower grades?
Answer. All Qualities and Styles are kept on hand in all the sizes.
Question. Do they have BOYS' CLOTHING?
Answer. An IMMENSE assortment. They have recently added a large room on the first floor (so that parents do not have to go up stairs), and have a splendid stock of Boys' Garibaldis, Bismarcks, and every description of Children's Clothing.
Question. How can I be satisfied that all this is so?
Answer. Very easily—by simply going to Oak Hall, on the corner of Sixth and Market streets, and EXAMINING FOR YOURSELF. Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown, and their Salesmen and Clerks will treat you with the utmost politeness, whether you wish to purchase or not.

ap18-7teow

SCHOMACKER & CO.'S CELEBRATED PHILADELPHIA PIANOS are universally acknowledged the best instruments, and are taking the lead all over the land. They are more highly improved and possess a greater volume and sweetness of tone than any other Piano made. These Instruments for the past thirty years have held their high reputation, and have been awarded the highest premiums at all the principal EXHIBITIONS held in the country, including the PRIZE MEDAL at the WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION. Our extensive facilities for manufacturing enables us to offer more liberal terms than any other first-class Piano can be sold for in this city, as the purchaser obtains the instrument direct from us (the manufacturers) and saves the profits made by the agent, who usually claims more than the maker, and, besides, has our responsibility. Our establishment is one of Philadelphia's great institutions, and we challenge the world on Pianos. If any of our citizens suppose that Pianos made in other cities are superior to our own, they may have an opportunity of testing them with any maker's Pianos they may choose to name.

We respectfully invite our friends and the public generally to call at our new and beautiful warerooms, No. 1103 CHESTNUT Street, where they can examine these highly-improved and finished instruments. Our Piano Warerooms are the finest in the United States—a richly carpeted Parlor Saloon adjoining, where an opportunity can be had to test the tone, like in the parlor of your house. We now have on exhibition the magnificent carved Piano made for one of our distinguished statesmen, and which is the most elegantly finished instrument in the world; also, a Boudoir Piano, finished in gold and ebony, and several full Grands, like those furnished to the President of the United States, and Governor Geary, of our own State. A visit to our saleserooms will be of interest to those who may favor us with a call.

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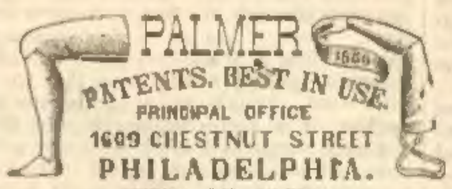

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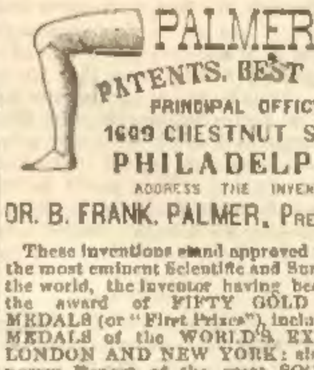

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N. B.—Our sale should NOT be classed with New York dollar jewelry sales or bogus "Tea Companies," as it is nothing of the sort.

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Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, del7-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 30 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. my2-17t

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It removes black spots, pimples, moth patches and all eruptions of the skin.

IN THE SPRING MONTHS, the system naturally undergoes a change, and HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA is an assistant of the greatest value.

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OF THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS of Face Powders and Washes. All such remedies close up the pores of the skin, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a fresh, healthy and youthful appearance, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

NOT A FEW of the worst disorders that afflict mankind arise from corruption of the blood. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA is a remedy of the highest value.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA cleanses and renovates the blood, invigorates the vigor of health into the system, and purges out the humors that make disease.

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THOSE WHO DESIRE BRILLIANCY OF COMPLEXION must purify and enrich the blood, which HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA invariably does. Ask for *Helmbold's*. Take no other.

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CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT

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Eradicates Eruptive & Ulcerative Diseases

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THROAT, NOSE, EYES, EYELIDS, SCALP AND SKIN,

Which so disfigure the appearance. PURGING the evil effects of mercury and removing all taints, the remnants of DISEASES, hereditary or otherwise, and is taken by ADULTS and CHILDREN with perfect SAFETY.

TWO TABLE SPOONFULS of the Extract of Sarsaparilla, added to a pint of water, is equal to the Lisbon Diet Drink, and one bottle is equal in a gallon of the Syrup of Sarsaparilla, or the decoctions usually made.

AN INTERESTING LETTER is published in the Medico Chirurgical Review, on the subject of the Extract of Sarsaparilla in certain affections, by Benjamin Travers, F. R. S., &c. Speaking of those diseases, and diseases arising from the excessive mercury, he states *that no remedy is equal to the Extract of Sarsaparilla; its power is extraordinary, more so than any other drug I am acquainted with. It is, in the strictest sense, a tonic with this invaluable attribute, that it is applicable to a state of the system so sunken, and yet so irritable as renders other substances of the tonic class unavailable or injurious.*

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INCORPORATED A. D. 1851. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

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Assets	$1,000,000
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Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 39 to 70 per cent.

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Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.

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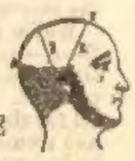

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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Husband's Calcined Magnesia

is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

The N. Y. World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer.

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TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

CHURCH BELLS,
Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.
Made of Pure Bell Metal,
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HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.
FULLY WARRANTED.
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WONDERFUL ELECTRIC FISH—IT PLEASES ALL! By mail for 10 cts. and stamp; 3 for 25 cts. Address the Inventor, NATHAN HALL, Providence, R. I.
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TRUE, BUT STRANGE.—Any person sending us their address, with 20 cents, will receive, by mail, the Name and Carte de Visite of their future Wife or Husband. REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. mar28-3m

500 PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS of the most celebrated personages of the age, mailed for 10 cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. my16-4m

FOR ONE DOLLAR **XL**

A PRESENT OF $25.00 VALUE,
OF YOUR OWN SELECTION,—FREE OF COST,
For a few days services in any town or village. Particulars and gift sent free, by addressing, with stamp,
CLOUDMAN & CO.,
my2-3m 40 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

NOT HARD TIMES.—$30 TO $40 PER WEEK and expenses paid to Travelling Agents, $20 to $30 to Local Agents. Permanent employment given. *This is something new.* Send 10 cents to pay return postage on Sample and Circulars, and address Union Agency and Manuf'g Co., Marshall, Mich. my16-2t

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. my16-4t

EMPLOYMENT.—$15 to $30 a day guaranteed. Male or female agents wanted in every town—descriptive circulars *free.* Address JAMES C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me. ap4-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

DON'T SLOP OVER.

"Don't slop over," the old man said,
As he placed his hand on the young man's head;
"Go it by all means, go it fast;
Go it while leather and horseshoes last;
Go it while hide and hair on horse
Will hold together. Oh, go it, of course—
Go it as rapid as ever you can,
But don't slop over, my dear young man.

"Don't slop over. You'll find some day
That keeping an eye to the windward will pay.
A horse may run a little too long,
A preacher preach just a fraction too strong,
And a poet who pleases the world with rhymes
May write and regret it in after times.
Keep the end of the effort in view,
And don't slop over, whatever you do.

"Don't slop over. The wisest men
Are bound to slop over now and then;
And yet the wisest at work or feast
Are the very ones who blunder the least.
Those who for spilt milk never wail
Are the ones who carry the steadiest pail.
Wherever you go, go in for the fat;
But don't slop over—and freeze to that!

"Don't slop over, distrust yourself,
Nor always reach to the highest shelf.
The next to the highest will gen'rally do,
And answer the needs of such as you.
Climb, of course, but always stop
And take breath a little this side of the top;
And so you will reach it in wind and strong,
Without slopping over. Thus ends my song!"

The Teeth Case.

Judge G——, of Buffalo, who as a lawyer, was noted for his sharpness in cross-examining a witness, very frequently, when presiding at the circuit, takes the cross-examination of a witness out of the hands of the attorney trying the cause.

While holding the circuit at Warsaw, B——, a dentist, was put upon the stand to prove a conversation with the plaintiff. On cross-examination the counsel for the plaintiff asked him if he had not had trouble with the plaintiff. B—— said he had not.

"Well," asked the counsel, "did you not make a set of teeth for his wife?"

"Yes."

Counsel—"Did not the plaintiff find fault with them?"

Witness—"Yes."

Counsel—"Does she wear them?"

Witness—"Yes."

Counsel—"She had another set made by another dentist, did she not?"

Witness—"Yes."

Counsel—"Is she not wearing them?"

Witness—"Yes."

Here Judge G—— thought it was time for him to interfere.

"Well, witness," said he, "do you mean to say she is now wearing both sets of teeth?"

"Yes," said the witness, very composedly.

"Well," said the judge, "just explain to us how that can be."

"Why, your honor," said the witness, "she has one set in each jaw."

Bar, jury and spectators all joined in a hearty laugh at the expense of the judge.

A Tale of the Troubadours.

Maimon was valet to a count. One day, after returning from a tournament, the count met his valet on the high road, and asked him where he was going. He answerd coolly, that he was off to find another place. "Another place!" cried the count. "What, then, has happened at my house?" "Nothing, monseigneur." "And what besides?" "Nothing much, I tell you—only your dog is dead." "And how did that happen?" "Your palfrey took flight, killed the dog in running away, fell into the river, and was drowned." "Eh! And who frightened it?" "Your son, monseigneur, who fell out of a top window before it." "Good heavens! my son! where were his nurse and mother? Is he injured?" "Yes, sir; he was instantly killed. When the news was brought to madam, she was seized with a fit, and fell dead without speaking." "Scoundrel! Instead of running away, why did you not get help, and remain at the chateau?" "How could I, monseigneur? Marotte, in watching by the side of madam's corpse, fell asleep. The light upset, and the chateau is reduced to ashes."

Black and White.

A pretty little blonde actress at one of the boulevard theatres of Paris exhibited a singular taste by appearing in a toilet of deep black on all occasions, from the first of January to the last of December. Desirous to know the cause of this eternal mourning, her intimate friend, Mademoiselle A., demanded:

"How happens it, my dear, that you are always clothed in sable, like the page of the defunct M. Marlborough?"

"That is my secret."

"But one has no secrets from a sincere friend. Is it a vow?"

"Perhaps."

"Do you mourn a first love?"

"*Ma foi!*—no."

"A parrot, a King Charles, a protector?"

"I detest all pets."

"What, then, pray, is the virtue which you desire to exhibit?"

"It isn't a virtue."

"Well, what then?"

"The whiteness of my shoulders."

"*Mon Dieu!* I suspected it."

A Hunter Treed.

The Southern hunters tell wonderful stories of their adventures in the forest. I would not care to vouch for them all, nor, indeed, for all of any one of them; but it is proper to remember that what appears incredible to the man of civilization seems to be quite probable, and even commonplace, in the Western wilds. Let me tell a single story, to illustrate some of their exaggerations, which was related to a circle of Southern men on a Mississippi steamer, and did not seem to be doubted as an authentic incident by any one of them.

The peccary is a creature of the hog species, and is utterly fearless. It pays no regard to rifle balls unless they hit it, and never hesitates to attack any one and every one, whether man or beast, that comes across its path. A relentless war is waged against it by the Southern hunters, as much for their own safety as from any love of the sport. It has won the reputation of being the only wild game which the experienced hunter always runs from instead of stopping to fight.

A Texan said that once when he was shooting in a swamp he killed a couple of peccaries. (This creature roams in flocks numbering from ten to fifty.) In an instant the whole company turned upon him, and he at once ran to a tree and sprang into its branches. One, two three hours passed and yet no help came. He was separated from his friend, and did not dare to stir from his position. Getting "oneasy both in body and mind, he moved a little to make his seat easier," and losing his balance, fell. Luckily, he said, he dropped his rifle, and caught hold of a lower branch of the tree and clung to it for his life, with his feet within a couple of yards of the "sile."

"This," he added, "was very okkard, and I cud see the peccaries jumpin' up to catch hold of my feet. Fort'nately they couldn't reach, and I thought I was safe; but only see the cunnin' of them critters! Several of them lay down on their stomachs, and others got on their backs, so as to form a platform. The head peccary got on to it, and jumped up, and seized me by the heel of the right boot. I kicked at him with my left foot, like a horse, and when we were a-strugglin', the other peccaries rolled from under him and left him hangin' on to my heel by his tusks, while his friends were a-gruntin' away like mad all round. They made a most dreadful nize; and my arms were gettin' tired; and I began to make up my mind that I'd a have to fall and try what a rush would do among them, when crack went a rifle, and down fell the biggest peccary. It took me so by surprise that I dropped to the ground and saw that my friend had come up. But he was soon in as bad a fix as I had been myself. The peccaries made a rush for him, and he was glad to do as I had done—drop his rifle and hist himself up a tree. I made for my rifle, and loaded it and fired; when the pesky things turned on me, and I had to drop it agin and run up the tree double quick. Then my friend he come down, got his rifle, and blazed away at them agin; then they went at him full pelt; then I come down and fired agin; and we kept on, firing turn about, until—you may believe me or not, as you please, stranger—we done this fifteen times, and killed the thirty peccaries between us."

This story, with occasional variations and additions, was told as a true story of a Texan hunter's life. Whether it was true the reader can determine for himself.

Hints to Authors—How to Begin and End a Novel.

The two parts of a story which are most difficult to manage are the beginning and the end. If the personages of your tale are not well introduced, we take no interest in their subsequent adventures; and even if you succeed in this, and fall off very much at the conclusion, we shut the book in grievous disappointment. Some authors—indeed, most of the novel writers of the present day—dash at once into the middle of a conversation. But it strikes me that "No, said Lady Anne, stirring her tea," is a very odd beginning of a story, and it is not till after some thirty pages of this unknown tongue that we at length arrive at the interpretation in the second chapter, which opens, "The foregoing dialogue was carried on by the beautiful Lady Anne Jenkinsop, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Densitter," &c.

Many authors commence their stories with the accuracy of a commercial letter, "It was about a quarter past six o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the twenty-second of April, in the year 1867, that a young man about three-and-twenty years of age, wearing a blue coat with brass buttons, buckskin breeches, and top-boots," &c., &c.

This is a very good sort of introduction, for, if at any time the hero is missing, you have the consolation to reflect that an advertisement will be sure to find him.

Others in their introductions are exceedingly genealogical. "My family came originally to England in the train of William the Conqueror. Otho de Fiddledee, who fought a single combat with a lion at the court of Charlemagne, was one of the cadets of our family. For upwards of five centuries the title and estates descended in uninterrupted succession from father to son. Of my more immediate ancestors, my great grandfather's great great grandfather was an illustrious worthy in the councils of Henry VII.," &c.

This impresses the reader at once with the conviction of your hero's distinguished birth; his beauty and other accomplishments he must be contented to take on credit.

I have known very good novels to begin with a soliloquy—

"What a wretch am I!" said Charles Fitz Altamont, resting his forehead on his hand, and sitting dejectedly on his sofa, &c.

But of all the commencements I have yet mentioned, I am inclined to prefer the descriptive.

There are two kinds—the painter's and the upholsterer's. This is the painter's:

"In one of those delicious valleys which give such a sweet variety to the county of Devon, there is one particular point from which the finest view in the world presents itself to the eye of the delighted spectator.

"On the extreme ridge of the declivity there is a large blue stone, by mounting which you are elevated considerably above the hollow from which you have ascended, and take in at one glance an extensive prospect consisting of hill and dale, trees, rivers, heaths, heights, hollows, hillocks, brambles, oziers, and romantic cottages in the very heart of an umbrageous wood. In one of these cottages," &c.

The upholsterer's, however, is still more minute, and comes closer home "to our business and bosoms:"

"The argand lamp cast forth a flame of surpassing brightness, which was beautifully reflected from the polished sides of a pair of buhl cabinets tastefully fitted up with fantastic figures upon the lids, on each side of the door.

"Large mahogany chairs, with hair bottoms and brass nails, stood round the room, with their straight uncarved backs corresponding with their strong, unadorned legs.

"The fender, of the brightest steel, contained poker, tongs, and shovel, of the same material, and of the common knob pattern.

"A round table of mahogany stood in the centre of the room, and on it were placed two doylies with four wine glasses and two richly cut decanters.

"Seated at this table in familiar conclave, an old gentleman applied himself assiduously to the beverage before him, pushing the bottle occasionally to his young companion, who seemed deeply immersed in thought. The younger of the two," &c.

In fact it is extremely difficult to hit upon a beginning which has not been hit upon before. Perhaps it would be the most original plan to go back at once to the style of our nursery stories—"There was once a man."

But if it be difficult to find a commencement unlike anybody else, how is it possible to infuse any variety into a conclusion?

I never met with a novel that did not disappoint me at the end.

After having my curiosity excited for a length of time, and expecting at every page something wonderful to take place, it is rather hard to have the hero and heroine sink down into ordinary people, and go to church and be married like an honest shopkeeper and his bride.

There is generally also, in every novel some character who is sure to disappoint you.

He is introduced under very mysterious circumstances—he finds his way, nobody knows how, into the most secret places, and exercises such fearful influence over the personages of the story, that, as you approach the eclaircissement, your hair begins to stand on end in dread of his mysterious power—when lo! you discover that he is a retired tobacconist, much given to eaves-dropping and pumping for secrets, who finds his way into the private bowers where the lovers have fled for solitude by the ingenious plan of having a false key to the garden door.

CHARMING CHILD!

LITTLE EMILY (who has just received her salute from Fred).—"Oh, do kiss Grace, too, Mr. Lovell!"

[Fred would only be too happy; but, as it is, he and Grace have to explain the subject thoroughly.

TO A BEAUTY OF THE SEASON.

When first I knew thee, Mirabel,
Thy cheek with Nature's roses glowed,
The golden locks I loved so well
In unadorned luxuriance flowed;
Thy gentle eyes of heaven's own hue
Threw glances innocent of art,
And mirrored in their depths of blue
Each movement of thy guileless heart.

But all is changed now, Mirabel,—
That piled-up hair, those clust'ring curls,
With store of borrowed tresses swell
That once were some poor peasant girl's;
The stain of carmine ill supplies
The banished grace of blushes red;
And where truth only lit thine eyes,
False belladonna gleams instead.

When first I loved thee, Mirabel,
And for my love no favor found,
My heart sustained the anguish fell
Of what I deemed a deadly wound;
But since I've seen thine every charm
Debased into a painted lie,
I feel my heart is healed from harm,
And bid my pain and thee good-bye.

☞ The site of the garden of Eden is now settled definitely, for a placard has been dug up at the East, on which is painted this warning, "Keep off the grass—Adam."

☞ "Patrick, do you know the fate of the drunkard?" "Fate! Don't I stand on the most beautiful pair you have ever seen?"

AGRICULTURAL.

Personal Cleanliness.

Farmers during the severe labors of the busy season, that of planting, crop tending and harvesting, are constantly in the open air. This as every one knows is greatly conducive to health and vigor. But during this season they are obliged to work in the dust and dirt incident to the various processes of farm labor, and not unfrequently during some portions of the year in a complete perspiration almost the entire day. Now the point we insist upon is that during this season no farmer shall retire for the night without changing the entire apparel in which he has labored and perspired during the day. The very idea of a farmer reeking with sweat and covered with dust, getting into a clean bed for the night, is anything but pleasant, has a tendency to ally him too closely with the lower species of mammals, and is inconsistent with all our ideas of health, comfort and personal cleanliness. How much better it would be for the farmer's own health, and for the well being of his wife and family, if on retiring at night he should remove the shirt in which he has labored all day, and put on a light, clean night shirt in its place, after first having sponged his entire body with cool water. We know farmers will say they have no time to do this, and the farmer's wife may say she cannot wash so many pieces, and this change of clothing will only make an additional number to wash. But these are the merest shadows for an excuse. The matter we have mentioned will not take the farmer ten minutes' time, and he can hardly estimate the benefit it will be to him in promoting his health and contributing to the value of his night's rest. And the plan, instead of adding to, will actually lessen the hard work of the farmer's wife. To be sure she will have an extra night-shirt to wash every week, but the bed clothing will be comparatively clean and free from the dirt obtained from contact with the working clothes of men who labor on the farm. Farmers, and farmers' wives, give more attention to these matters, and thereby secure in a greater degree your own personal health and comfort. "Cleanliness is next to godliness."—*Maine Farmer.*

Home-Made Barometers.

Take two sheets of pasteboard paper of any convenient style—say three feet long by two feet wide. Bring the ends together, and glue or paste them tight, each sheet by itself; and they will look like two pieces of paper stove-pipe. Cut thin, round boards exactly to fit in the ends of these paper cylinders. Carefully glue or nail them tight. Now you have two air-tight paper drums with wooden heads. Take a pole of any length you desire—three feet or twelve feet—let one drum be fastened to each end of the pole. Now balance this pole with the drums on each end on nice pivots, in the middle. Then bore a gimlet through the end of one drum, and you have a good farmer's barometer. One drum is air-tight; one has a hole in it. So there will be more or less air in one drum than there is in the other, according as the surrounding air is dense or rarified. Consequently, in dense or heavy air the tight drum rises, while the one with the pin hole in it goes down. Crosswise through the middle of the bar or pole should run a stick as large as one's finger, a foot long, with wire gudgeons, on which the instrument should vibrate or teeter. Let the ends of the pole be slightly lower than the middle, that the whole may not make a summersault; smear all with glue or oil, so that air may enter only in the puncture mentioned. Have something you can slide through the bar, to keep it nearly level. Mark, if you please, figures along the pole to show how far you have moved the balancing poise; though for this there is little need. This instrument may not be so perfect as a costly barometer, but for all practical purposes it is all one could ask. I have had one more than a year. I look at it a dozen times a day. They could be made as long as a barn, and placed in the loft, with an indicator, to show the distant mower when to make his hay.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

HORSES' FEET REQUIRE MOISTURE.—Nine-tenths of the diseases which happen to the hoofs and ankles of horses are occasioned by standing on the dry, plank floors of the stable. Many persons seem to think, from the way they keep their horses, that the foot of the horse was never made for moisture, and that, if possible, it would be beneficial if they had cowhide boots to put on every time they went out. Nature designed the foot for moist ground—the earth of the woods and valleys; at the same time that a covering was given to protect it from stones and stumps.—*Ohio Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

MEAT PIE.—Take some beef, veal or chickens, rub with salt and a little pepper; cut into pieces; put into a kettle with cold water; cover closely, and stew one hour. Weigh two pounds of flour and sift it. Weigh three-quarters of a pound of lard and rub into the flour, until there are no lumps. Add two heaping teaspoonfuls of salt, and two medium-sized tumblers of water. Mix up and roll out about a third of an inch thick. Rub a large pie dish with lard. Line it with the pie crust, letting it come well over the edge, that it may not run down into the bottom of the dish. Roll out another crust, and turning a flat tin cover, about the size of the top of the pie dish, upside down, cover that with the crust, and if you choose, ornament it with a wreath of leaves cut out of the crust. Also, line a large pie plate with another crust. Bake these all a light brown. Take a half teacup of wheat or corn flour. Pour in gradually a half teacup of water and stir it smooth. Pour it into the kettle of boiling meat and gravy, and stir it three or four minutes. Then dip out the meat and gravy into the pie dish, until it is half full. Lay in the crust from the pie plate. Fill up the dish with the meat and gravy, and lay on the ornamented cover.

TO SOUSE ROCK-FISH.—Boil the fish with a little salt in the water until it is thoroughly cooked. Reserve part of the water in which it was boiled, to which add whole pepper, salt, vinegar, cloves, allspice and mace, to your taste; boil it up to extract the strength from the spice; and add the vinegar after it is boiled. Cut off the head and tail of the fish and divide the rest in several portions. Put it in a stone jar, and when the fish is quite cold, pour the liquor over it. It will be fit to use in a day or two, and will keep in a cold place two or three weeks.

THE RIDDLER.

Biographical Enigma.

I am composed of 62 letters.
My 53, 42, 12, 7, 5, 34, 15, 61, 37, was a French chronicler and poet.
My 10, 42, 28, 27, 2, 31, 38, 23, 30, was a celebrated English navigator.
My 52, 55, 41, 18, was an English poet.
My 43, 29, 4, 6, 57, 9, was a celebrated German dramatist.
My 46, 21, 11, 1, 2, 14, was an American poet.
My 40, 32, 22, 33, 54, 36, was an English poet.
My 59, 44, 34, 20, 22, 61, was a bishop of Rochester, tutor to Henry VIII.
My 38, 60, 43, 47, 55, 49, 25, was an English painter.
My 63, 30, 18, 8, 26, 51, was an English poet.
My 3, 35, 51, 24, 17, 48, 45, 39, was a French poet.
My 13, 47, 22, 11, 58, 61, was an English poet.
My 40, 28, 1, 5, 9, was a distinguished British general.
My 42, 60, 16, 39, was an English poet in Anne's reign.
My 19, 25, 50, 56, 26, was an English poet.
My 20, 12, 54, 8, was an English poet.
My whole is a quotation from Horace.

Fallston, Md. "NUTMEG."

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 39 letters.
My 1, 32, 6, 24, 10, is a river in Prussia.
My 36, 2, 20, 38, 14, is a river in Germany.
My 8, 25, 30, 17, 11, is a river in Scotland.
My 15, 37, 4, 27, 18, is a river in Asia.
My 30, 12, 19, 34, 5, is a river in Italy.
My 20, 6, 35, 19, 33, is a river in England.
My 7, 18, 27, 22, 29, is a river in Indiana.
My 30, 8, 19, 28, 23, is a river in North Carolina.
My 31, 34, 9, 21, 26, is a river in Europe.
My whole is a proverb current among the people in most country parts of Germany.

FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

Bryan, Ohio.

Riddle.

My 1st is in wit, but not in fun,
My 2nd is in light, but not in sun;
My 3rd is in each, but not in all,
My 4th is in sphere, but not in ball;
My 5th is in acre, but not rood,
My 6th is victuals, but not in food;
My 7th is in treasure, but not in gold,
My 8th is in fearless, but not in bold;
My 9th is in danger, but not in fear,
My 10th is in ale, but not in beer;
My 11th is in many, but not in few,
My 12th is in done, but not in do;
My 13th is in evening, but not in dark,
My 14th is in fire, but not in spark;
My 15th is in nosegay, but not in flower,
My 16th is in rain, but not in shower;
My 17th is in anger, but not in hate,
My 18th is in waiting, but not in wait;
My 19th is in pilgrim, but not in saint,
My 20th is in color, but not in paint;
My 21st is in sallow, but not in pale,
My 22nd is in surety, but not in bail;
My whole you have all seen, who read this riddle. W. H. MORROW.

Prize Problem.

In a plane triangle, whose sides are 25, 29, and 36 feet, inscribe three circles tangent to each other, and each circle touching two sides of the triangle.

The person sending me the best, complete, correct *Geometrical solution* of the above Problem, will receive a copy of "Our Schoolday Visitor," for 1868.

Solutions must be purely Geometrical, made without the use of Algebra, and according to the following plan;—

1. Geometrical Construction; 2. Demonstration; 3. Numerical Calculation. They must arrive before the 10th of July, 1868. The name of the successful competitor will be announced in the issue of July 25.

Address all solutions to

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Box 219 Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Problem.

A and B spent 100 dollars for cloth, each paying as many dollars per yard as he got yards; and A got ⅘ as many yards as B. How many did each get?

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Answer to Last.

RIDDLE—Hope, (ape, pea, pob, hoe.)

GOOSEBERRY FOOL.—Gooseberry fool made by the following recipe is much liked by my own family, and has always been highly approved of by any friends who have tasted it:—Wash a quart of full-sized green gooseberries, put them into an enamelled saucepan, cover it tightly, and set it on a trivet some distance from a slow fire. Shake the saucepan frequently that the gooseberries may not burn. When perfectly tender, turn them out on a coarse sieve, and rub them through it; add moist sugar to taste, and a little nutmeg. When quite cold mix with them a pint of milk and two eggs very thoroughly beaten, which answer the purpose of cream. Serve either in a glass dish or custard cups.

DISHES WITH WHITE OF EGG.—CALEDONIAN CREAM.—Two ounces of raspberry jam or jelly, two ounces of red currant jelly, two ounces of sifted loaf sugar, and the whites of two eggs; put into a bowl, and beat with a spoon for three-quarters of an hour. This makes a very pretty dish. *Cream Cake.*—The whites of three eggs, one drop of essence of lemon, and as much powdered sugar as will thicken it; whisk the whites to a dry froth, then add the powdered sugar, a teaspoonful at a time, till the egg is as thick as very thick batter. Wet a sheet of white paper, place it on a tin, and drop the egg and sugar on it in lumps about the shape and size of a walnut. Set them in a cool oven, and as soon as the sugar is hardened take them out. With a broad-bladed knife take them off the paper, place the flat parts of two together, and put them on a sieve in a very cool oven to dry.

WHITE CAKE.—One pound of powdered sugar, 12 oz. of flour, 6 oz. of butter, whites of fourteen eggs beaten to a stiff froth, mace or bitter almonds grated. Bake in flat tins from half to three-quarters of an hour. *Lady Cake.*—One and a half cups of powdered sugar, half a small cup of butter, whites of four eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda in a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar in two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of bitter almonds.